

The Courage to Submit

THE COURAGE TO SUBMIT

**The Guide for the Submissive Male Seeking a
Dominant Woman**

**Written and illustrated by Wallace T.
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DEDICATIONS

To my friend Robert: You left us way too soon, my brother.

To Ms. M for inspiring me to write this book and for being the subject of so many sections in it.

To Andrea, my only friend from the “vanilla” world who knows all about my kink side. Thanks for helping me with editing and formatting.

And to Julie Newmar who made me aware of what I am at a very early age.

DISCLAIMER

This book deals with subjects that are considered by many to be in the realm of “alternative lifestyles”. I assume that any sexual or erotic acts you take part in will be between consenting adults. If you choose to engage in any BDSM activities, you do so at your own risk. The author takes no responsibility for your physical or emotional safety or well being in any way. That’s your job. I strongly encourage you to familiarize yourself with local, state, and federal laws before you engage in anything that could get you into any trouble. The Thought Police are pretty well entrenched in many parts of our country. Don’t get arrested for exercising your inalienable rights. Use caution and common sense.

The author also recommends that you consult a physician before engaging in any activities that may endanger your health.

The opinions, commentaries, observations, and experiences recounted in this book are not to be construed as professional advice or therapy. They are only the opinions and views of the author.

In short, don’t try to sue the author for the consequences of anything that you do. You’re a grown man. You have the choice to take or discard any advice from me or

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anyone else. The responsibility for your actions is yours and yours alone. Let me put it this way; I'm happy to take any credit, but I won't take any blame.

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PREFACE

“You can’t get what you want ‘til you know what you want.”

Joe Jackson

If you’re reading this book, you are probably a guy who’s a lot like me. Ever since I was a child, I knew that I wanted to be a slave to a dominant woman. Not so much wanted, as I *needed* to be under the spell of a dominant woman. When I first saw images on television of women using their erotic power to seduce men, to make them do things they initially were resistant to do, I was transfixed. I instinctively knew that those were my kind of women. I had no attraction to the good girl who needed saving. You can keep Lois Lane and Sweet Polly Purebred. I’ll take Catwoman every time. I wanted to be manipulated and dominated by the bad girl, the girl who wore black, who smoked using a long black cigarette holder, the femme fatale with the eastern European accent. I know I’m not the only man with such a history. Having been involved in the female domination lifestyle for most of my life, I’ve met a lot of men with similar interests. In the internet age, I have participated in many female dominant themed message boards. I have read the accounts of dozens of men who state that they too can trace back to early childhood their desires to submit to women.

Since I was twenty years old, every relationship I have been in has been female dominant in nature. At the time

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of this writing I have, for over five years, been in service to a beautiful, intelligent, and accomplished dominant woman. I blog about the fantastic experiences I enjoy under her heel. I get emails and messages from guys all over the world telling me how lucky I am to serve such a wonderful woman. Even guys in the scene whom I know personally have told me how fortunate I am. I agree. I am lucky. But I made that luck happen.

Some of the correspondence that I get is from men who live in cities that are much more cosmopolitan and sophisticated than the one in which I live. When I hear them bemoaning their lack of a Mistress to serve, when I hear them express the wish that they lived in the backward Midwestern city I'm from, I realize that there are a lot of guys who could use some guidance. Men from Los Angeles, London and New York, places known for their large populations of dominatrixes and their femdom parties should not envy me. There's no reason to be jealous of the guy stuck in Smallville when you're living in Metropolis.

A lot of guys who want to serve a dominant woman have settled into relationships, and even marriages with women they believe would never understand their desires. These guys are married to women who don't even know them...not really. These men feel their only options are to either seek fulfillment outside of their relationships or just try to forget about their true desires. I disagree with both strategies. My experiences have

taught me that there are far more opportunities to serve a dominant woman than most submissive men might think.

There are many books dealing with the bondage/Discipline Sadomasochism (BDSM) lifestyle and female domination on the market. Most of the nonfiction books are aimed at women. Some are targeted to couples. The few books that are pitched at submissive male readers are written by women. Few if any books can be found that are written for submissive men from the perspective of a submissive man. My aim in this book is to advise other men whose desires are similar to mine. I want to tell my brothers that it is not nearly as hard as you may think to find a Mistress to serve. It's not as easy as falling off a log, but it's not impossible either. With a little planning and some genuine effort, I believe that almost any sincere submissive man can have a genuine, satisfying, loving relationship with a dominant woman. YOU can make this happen if you really want it.

In the various chapters of this book I have outlined the several ways that a man can connect with a dominant woman. In each chapter, I have included some examples of things that I and/or people that I personally know have done or experienced. Nothing is made up. It's all true. Only the names and locations have been changed to protect anonymity.

Throughout my life, I am happy to say that I have met and served several quality dominant women. Only some are mentioned in this book to illustrate points. I have

known others who I don't even mention in these pages. In case you think that my good fortune in meeting all these dominant women is due to the fact that I am some extraordinary fellow, let me disavow you of that misconception. I am a moderately attractive, kind of short, reasonably intelligent guy who lives in Middle America. I am definitely not rich (although if this book sells a million copies, who knows?). If I can make this happen, and happen *repeatedly*, then you can do it at least once.

This book is NOT a how-to of BDSM techniques. There are enough of those on the market already. If you want to know how to tie exotic knots or use a flogger or how to safely do electricity play or manipulate fire in a scene, you can find that information in dozens of manuals. What I am trying to do here is help you meet your Mistress. Whatever toys and tools the two of you use once that connection has been made is up to you. This book is not an overview of the BDSM world. If you want to learn about the history of the female domination lifestyle, there are some excellent books out there on that subject that I can recommend. Although certain psychological aspects of the dominant woman and submissive male are touched on, this book is not a psychological study of those personality types. This is not a book about WHY. It's a book about HOW.

I urge every man who has a need and desire to submit to a woman to read this book and follow the advice within.

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If you know other submissive men, recommend it to them. And I'm not just saying that so that I can sell more books. I sincerely want every submissive man out there to find a dominant woman he can serve happily. I want our community to grow and prosper. We deserve happiness as much as anyone else. The advice in this book has been tested and used in real life. I welcome any man (or woman) who wishes to correspond with me to contact me through my blog. The URL is slave2catwoman.blogspot.com.

In this book, I attempted to use an informal, conversational style. I know that you are not supposed to end sentences with prepositions, and I know a sentence fragment when I see one. My attempt is to talk to guys as a friend, not an academic or authority figure, so I hope you guys will forgive the minor poetic licenses taken with the rules of grammar.

CHAPTER ONE

COMING TO TERMS WITH YOUR NEEDS

Man is the one who desires, woman is the one who is desired. This is woman's entire but decisive advantage. Through man's passions, nature has given man into woman's hands, and the woman who does not know how to make him her subject, her slave, her toy, and how to betray him with a smile in the end is not wise.
-Leopold Von Sacher-Masoch

"I yam what I yam"
Popeye

I assume you picked up this book because you are a man who wants to serve a dominant woman. You are a guy like me who doesn't really care for "vanilla" sex and relationships. The ordinary hold hands, kiss a little, have regular sex scenario is for you, dull. When you fantasize, you envision powerful, seductive women. They tie you up. They trample you beneath spiked heeled shoes and boots. They whip you and do all sorts of other terrible and wonderful things to you. I further assume that you have had enough of just fantasizing. You want to make those dreams come true. But you might not know exactly how to do it. You don't have a strategy. Before we get into the nuts and bolts, the actions, let's take a little time to examine our needs and desires. If we get our thinking

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clear, I believe we can have more direct and efficient actions.

Let me first clear up a few misconceptions about your need to submit to a woman. Having submissive desires doesn't mean you're crazy. Being attracted to dominant women does not necessarily mean that your mother abused you. It doesn't mean you're secretly gay. You are definitely not alone. You are one of countless submissive men. And it's not evil or sinful to feel this way. And most importantly, your need to submit to a woman is not something you can make disappear no matter how hard you try. So my advice is don't try.

“Nothing wrong with me!”

-Disturbed

Many submissive men needlessly feel guilty and ashamed by their desires to serve and submit to a dominant woman. A lot of guys convince themselves that they must be mentally ill, that there is something wrong with them if they're turned on by images of leather clad whip wielding Bitch Goddesses. Surely there must be something very messed up about any man who wants to be abused and degraded by a woman. Only an emotionally damaged person would be turned on by the notion of being whipped and trampled and used as a human toilet or ashtray or spittoon, to be collared and leashed, to be smothered under someone's ass, right?. You'd have to be insane to find it erotic to crawl and beg, to be locked in a cage and forced to listen to the sounds

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of the woman you love having sex with another man. Why in the world would any rational person want to fetch and carry, to be a servant, to live a life of hardship and sacrifice? Surely, only a complete lunatic could associate eroticism with humble, obsequious, servile obedience to an aristocratic, demanding woman. That's not true, but a lot of guys just can't seem to help feeling that way.

I recently heard a textbook example of a guy who was ashamed to admit what turns him on. There is a pretty well known comedian who works on a successful syndicated radio show. On several occasions, this comedian has let it slip that he is a bit of a closet submissive, although he has never used that term. There have been a couple of occasions on the air that he revealed that when he was a boy, he used to fantasize about the fictional character Pippi Longstocking. Pippi Longstocking was a super powered little girl in children's books and movies. This comedian admitted that he used to become excited when he envisioned her "beating the shit" out of him. He further admitted to having jerked off to the image of Pippi beating him up. He even let it slip on the air that he told this story to his psychiatrist, so I know he wasn't just joking about his Pippi fantasy. A few times, this comedian has asked some strippers and call girls who were appearing on the show how much they would charge him to come to his house and "beat the shit out of" him. No sex, just beat him with her hands and feet. Everyone else in the studio sort of laughed it off, but I could tell that one of the girls took him

seriously. She quietly said that she would give this man her cell phone number off the air. This comedian once tried to come out about his submissive fantasies on the air. While he was talking about his Pippi Longstocking fantasy, the host asked him, in a serious manner, if he meant what he was saying. The comedian said yes. The host asked again. The sidekick said, “Yeah”. When the host asked a third time, stating that he was not kidding around, the comedian backpedaled. He said that he had been joking. I firmly believe that he had been trying to come out about his masochistic desires, but when he anticipated disapproval or ridicule from his friends and coworkers, and worse, the fans, he just couldn’t go through with it.

Being open to the world about being a submissive man is a scary concept. You can’t blame that radio sidekick for being afraid to have his submissive desires made public, especially on a raucous morning radio show with millions of daily listeners. At the same time however, it’s not difficult to understand his conflicting desire to reveal his true nature to the world. It’s no fun hiding who we really are. It makes it that much harder to find compatible partners. But the risks are so great. At least they *seem* great. It’s uncharted territory. If we had a few high profile role models, it might not be so scary. The closest we had to an open foot fetishist was Eddie Murphy’s character Marcus, in the movie “Boomerang”. Marcus refused to date Lela Rochon’s character again after he saw the corns and bunions on her feet (I’m sure that in real life, Ms. Rochon’s feet are beautiful). When

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Eddie saw Robin Givens' flawless tootsies, he sighed with relief.

Each man has to decide for himself how “out” he wants to be. We all have jobs and families and communities. Each of us has to weigh possible benefits with risks. I would never be so presumptuous as to tell any other man how to handle this issue. For most of my life, everyone I knew was on a “need to know” basis. Only others who were in this lifestyle knew the real me, sort of like the way only the other members of the Justice League know each others' secret identities. Today, I consider myself semi-out. Anyone who can put two and two together can figure it out, but I don't exactly walk around the supermarket dressed like the gimp from “Pulp Fiction” either. I don't tell my family everything I do and everywhere I go, but if I dropped dead today, I don't think anyone would be surprised to find a bunch of female domination magazines, books, and videos in my closet. I think they'd just smile and roll their eyes.

Maybe we can sometimes be a little too cautious about people discovering our deep dark desires. Perhaps we don't have to be as closeted as all that. I do not however, recommend going too far the other way either. There is no need to tell your great aunt Tillie that you spent the weekend in a cage with alligator clamps attached to your nipples. Just because a guy isn't ashamed of his needs doesn't mean that he has to show up for work wearing ass out chaps and a ball gag. I encourage you to

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passionately pursue your fantasies, but don't completely abandon common sense.

"I'm not crazy! You're the one that's crazy!"

-Suicidal Tendencies

Kinky and crazy are not the same thing. Quite the contrary. I believe that embracing our submissive desires and finding the proper place for them in our lives can be a benefit to our mental health. If you accept who and what you are, you can rid yourself of needless guilt. You can live honestly and above board. You don't have to endure the stress of sneaking around and being afraid that your wife or girlfriend will find out about the real you.

There is a book called The Diagnostic and Statistical Manual, fourth edition (DSM-IV). This is the book that (among other purposes) categorizes and defines all the psychiatric disorders recognized by the American Psychiatric Association. Basically, the DSM-IV is the book that can tell you what is and what isn't considered crazy. Here is what the DSM-IV says about our fetishes. Individuals with this [paraphilia](#) use sexual fantasies, urges, or behaviors involving being beaten, humiliated, bound or tortured to enhance or achieve sexual excitement.

Diagnostic criteria for 302.83 Sexual Masochism

A. Over a period of at least 6 months, recurrent, intense sexually arousing fantasies, sexual urges, or behaviors

involving the act (real, not simulated) of being humiliated, beaten, bound, or otherwise made to suffer.

B. The fantasies, sexual urges, or behaviors cause clinically significant distress or impairment in social, occupational, or other important areas of functioning.

What all that means in layman's language is that unless your masochistic desires and activities in this lifestyle are causing you a lot of distress, unless they are interfering with your job, your health, your family relations, or any other important aspect of your life, they do not constitute a disorder. In other words, if you are a functioning, productive member of society, just because you kissed a woman's feet last night, it doesn't mean that you're mentally disturbed. And anyone who says otherwise doesn't know what he's talking about.

Our society is evolving. Until 1974, the DSM classified homosexuality as a mental disorder. At that time, the American Psychiatric Association finally concluded that being gay is not something that is inherently sick or wrong. One's religion might say that certain sexual practices are wrong or immoral, but that has nothing to do with whether or not they are disorders. You should not try to treat them with therapy and medication. It's the same with us. There is no medication that I have ever heard of that takes away a man's fascination with dominatrixes.

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“It’s in the way that you use it.”

Eric Clapton

Obviously, I can’t possibly know the complete psychological makeup of any man reading this book. It would be silly of me to say that there are no submissive men anywhere who have problems or issues in their lives that could be helped with therapy. But the fact that you find female domination exciting is not in itself a psychological problem. In fact, I say that it is natural and normal for a man to feel this way.

This is not to say that your kinks can’t make you crazy. They can.....if you let them. The gay parallel again works here. If a guy happens to be gay, and he accepts what he is, he can live a pretty good life. He finds himself a nice boyfriend; he settles down, he does the things that make him happy. If on the other hand, he is one of those gay guys who is in total denial, who marries an unsuspecting woman and runs around to the gay bars every weekend, who gives or receives rest stop blowjobs, he’s going to have major problems. We all know the stories of supposedly straight celebrities and politicians getting arrested in men’s room gay sex stings. Instead of coming to terms with their own desires, these men allow their desires to consume them and ruin their reputations, their careers, and their lives.

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FROM NOW ON, I
WILL NOT LOOK AT
ANY FEMDOM VIDEOS
OR WEBSITES! AND
NO MORE SESSIONS!



WHILE I'M AT IT,
I'M GONNA GIVE UP
PIZZA, BEER, SPORTS,
OXYGEN, FOOD, AND
WATER...



WTV.

CHAPTER 2

MISCONCEPTIONS

“You got the ill communication.”

Beastie Boys

“Woman is the dominant sex. Men have to do all sorts of stuff to prove that they are worthy of woman's attention.”

Camille Paglia

One enormous misconception a lot of guys seem to believe is that there aren't any dominant women out there. Or that “all the good ones are taken”. Or that they're all pros. This is just not so. I will admit that dyed in the wool, to the bone dominatrixes are relatively rare, but I still think that there are enough dominant women to go around. And that isn't counting all the ladies who have secret fantasies they have yet to explore. Let's assume that only one in ten women have sexually dominant personalities. If you live in a city with a million women, then there are a hundred thousand potential Mistresses for you in your local area. If we paint a dimmer picture, say that there are only one in twenty women who have Mistress potential, you still have fifty thousand to choose from. And hypothetical situations aside, I know from personal experience that there are far more closet dominatrixes out there than you would think. I read once a long time ago that the leather clad dominant woman is a mere fantasy thought up by

men but nonexistent in reality. Trust me, that is not the case. There are a lot of women in this world who are either already actively living the life of the domina or who, with a little encouragement, could be. Don't you believe for a second that there are not women out there who would love for you to be their slave. I know for a fact that there are dominant women who are frustrated by the dearth of quality submissive men. I personally know more than a few women who would love to meet a man who wants to serve them. So don't tell me there are no dominant women out there.

Some people think that it's logical to assume that if a man wants to worship a woman, then he must have been abused by his mother. Most of the time that assumption would be wrong. Okay, if a guy is heavily into receiving over the knee spankings or being sent to sit in the corner as punishment, it's possible that he has some mother issues. A man who wants to be diapered, suck on a pacifier, and sleep in an oversized crib (They have those!) may very well have a mommy fixation. But even in cases like these that appear to have obvious connections to infancy and childhood, there might be other explanations. Most submissive guys are not into infantilism. The vast majority of submissive men's fantasies have no connection to anything that went on in childhood, unless they had one hell of a crazy upbringing. I don't know about you, but my mom never trampled me in thigh high boots. She never put a collar and leash on me. And she definitely never put me in a smother box. Mommy never asked me to suck the heels

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of her stiletto pumps. She didn't even have any stiletto pumps. My desires could not be farther away from my maternal experiences. In fact, once I became fully aware of my fantasies, I couldn't wait to get away from the watchful eyes of my mother so that I could realize those fantasies.

The idea that any man who enjoys female dominance must have mother issues is just not logical. If a guy prefers blonds, do we just assume his mother was blond? What about a white guy who has a thing for black girls or vice versa? How about the man who likes tall girls or short chicks or fat girls or athletic women? How do you explain the ass man or the leg man? If it's all about mom, every man would be a breast guy. Why does one man prefer short hair and another long hair? Why do some guys like brainy girls while other guys are into the ditzy girls? People don't automatically assume that any of these preferences have anything to do with a man's mother, but they do incorrectly assume that a man who wants to serve a woman was damaged by his mother.

I think that the man who's really seeking a substitute mother is the fellow who marries a woman who is not compatible with his needs, the totally "vanilla" woman. Think about it. When you were a teenager, it's likely that you felt a need to hide your budding manhood from your mother. You probably kept any porn you got your hands on hidden away someplace. Or you got rid of it as soon as you were finished with it. And if your mom did find any porn hidden under your bed, she probably acted like

it was a severed head instead of what it really was, harmless material that almost every male enjoys. You certainly didn't tell your mother about your early sexual experiences ("Hey ma, guess what! I just felt up that girl with the big hooters who lives down the block."). Most boys believe (often correctly) that their mothers will try to make them feel ashamed of their sexual desires. A lot of mothers tell their sons that it's wrong and sinful to want to look at those filthy pictures of those dirty girls in those awful magazines. Either deliberately or inadvertently, a lot of moms try to keep their sons from maturing and becoming men. They want to think of their sons as their little boys forever. It's not all bad. Meat loaf and mashed potatoes with apple pie for dessert on Sunday at mom's house is nice. But from a very early age, we have to separate from mom in a major way or we will never become men.

Not all men successfully manage this separation from mommy. Instead, you know what do a lot of these guys do? They marry women who behave toward them very much like their mothers did. These women disapprove of strip clubs and porn and sexy lingerie, and wet T-shirt contests. All the stuff regular guys like. Since their wives don't (or won't) understand, these guys lie and sneak and hide and deny, just like they did when they were twelve years old. A good friend of mine recently related an experience to me. He and some friends were at a strip club. One of the guys swore all of his buddies to secrecy. He made up a cover story to tell his wife. The guy also hid all of his porn in the trunk of his car.

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My friend could not believe what he was hearing. *His* wife is the kind of woman who goes to the strip clubs with him. The only reason she wasn't there that night was that she had to work. Now *that* is a great wife.

“Teenage boys, goaded by their surging hormones run in packs like the primal horde. They have only a brief season of exhilarating liberty between control by their mothers and control by their wives.”

Camille Paglia

I think that all that sexual guilt brought on by mommy is the cause of the Madonna/whore syndrome. A lot of men really want the bad girl, but these guys feel that they can't marry that kind of girl because she's "dirty". No matter that he really wants that party girl; this sort of man will choose a girl who reminds him of mom, and one whom his mom would approve. It's fine if mom approves of your girlfriend, but isn't it way cooler if *dad* approves?

“The only way a woman can ever reform her husband is by boring him so completely that he loses all possible interest in life.”

Oscar Wilde

Allow me to indulge in a little personal rant. While I have no problem submitting to a woman, I refuse to submit to the general feminization of our society. I do not apologize for being a man. A submissive man is still

a man. He doesn't have to give up his masculinity. We're *supposed* to be attracted to hot young chicks in bikinis. Don't let anybody tell you otherwise. Nature made us that way, and it's not wrong. You are not a bad guy if you eat meat, drink beer, and you don't enjoy chick flicks. Let's face it. If you've seen one Meg Ryan or Sandra Bullock movie, you've seen 'em all. And if you can live out your entire life without ever watching a Hugh Grant film, you can die a happy man. I have a deal with the lady I serve. She can watch chick flicks with me as long as I'm beneath her in the smother box* while she's watching. That way everybody's happy. I will admit to one exception. "Bend it Like Beckham" is my all time favorite chick flick. I watch it every time it comes on TV. I'll even admit to getting a little teary eyed at that scene near the end, where the main character Jesminder's father drops his tough facade and admits that all he wants is for his daughter to be happy (Hmmm...maybe I'm not as manly as I thought). But that's my only exception! Other than "Bend It Like Beckham", if it's a romantic comedy, I'm going into the box.

If you want to see examples of men who've married clones of their mothers, watch most television sitcoms. God forbid the wife in one of these shows ever catches the man watching the Hawaiian Tropic pageant on TV. "Is that how you want me to look?" the wife will ask, in a very accusing and matronly way. Of course, the guy backpedals and apologizes. He will claim that he accidentally happened upon the program and that he

hates the way it victimizes and exploits women. What a load of crap. This man is playing the little boy to his mommy all over again. The proper and honest answer to the wife's question is YES. You'd better call Sigmund Freud, because I'm one of those really fucked up guys who find flat stomachs, firm boobs, and tight asses attractive. Forgive me for being a heterosexual man. And just look at some of the women on these shows. They wear baggy pants, big, loose blouses, and sensible shoes with flat heels. They wear little or no makeup. How many of these guys could look at one of those girls and say I'm "Mad About You" is beyond me. Somewhat fond of you, maybe. But mad about you? I don't think so. If I want to see men's clothes, I'll look in my own closet. Thank goodness for Jackie Gleason, at least. Because of him, fifty years later, we still have the fat guy with a hot wife phenomenon, even on the cartoons.

* If you don't know what a smother box is, it's a box about twenty inches high that has an opening in front to accommodate a man's upturned face. The upholstered top of the box has a hole in it. When the woman sits on the box, she is sitting comfortably on the man's face. The commercials on TV are even worse than the shows. Over and over again, the dad or husband is depicted as some befuddled overgrown boy who is incapable of figuring out anything or solving the most basic problem. Even reading the side of the cereal box at the breakfast table gets a guy into hot water. As his matronly wife baits him with one leading question after another, his

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only means of escape is to finally admit that he should just shut up. He is then rewarded with an approving smile from his mother....I mean wife. At the barbecue, when his mean ol' friends take away all of his bratwursts, wife/mommy comes to the rescue. She hands hubby a brand new toy. As he gushes enthusiastically over the miracle of an unopened package of brats, the wife gives him a condescending look that is a combination of pity and love. The poor baby would be so lost without her.

That is total bullshit and the opposite of real male submission. A real submissive man is Sir Walter Raleigh laying his coat over a puddle so that his Queen would not soil her shoes. Walter didn't need anybody to tell him how to solve the problem. He was decisive. And because of that he is a legend in chivalry. If you ever read medieval poems and stories, you'll see that the knights actually relished the suffering they endured on the quests they undertook for the honor of their ladies. They wanted to prove their love by enduring any and all hardships. Serving a woman is not about being a little boy who needs mommy's constant approval. It's not about being ineffectual. It's about being capable and strong. It's about making things happen and slaying the dragon so that your lady can live in comfort. Holding an umbrella over her head in the rain, going to get the car for her in inclement weather, scraping the ice and snow off her windshield so that she doesn't have to, *that* is male submission. And most women *love* it.

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The lady I have served for the past five years is Ms. M. Last winter, she and I were invited to a formal party. On that day, a major blizzard hit. Ms. M was wearing a beautiful dress with a pair of really sexy high heeled sandals. No stockings. Wearing those sandals, she obviously could not walk through six inches of snow and slush. After I handed the keys to my truck to the parking attendant, I picked up Ms. M and carried her in my arms into the party venue. Onlookers actually broke into applause. In my opinion, that is how you serve your lady. Of course, I wouldn't be so quick to brag if I had slipped in the ice and dumped us both on our asses in the slush. Sometimes you gotta take a risk.

Don't underestimate little spur of the moment tasks like that. Doing that stuff is how you seduce a woman's dominant nature. That strategy is what Elise Sutton, one of the great female dominant philosophers and practitioners of all time recommends. Ms. Sutton is a female supremacist. She is a therapist and an author. The overall message she has for us submissive males is that we should serve our ladies. Don't try to manipulate her or make her into what we want her to be. We should try to be what they need. Treat your lady like a queen, and soon she will start to feel and act like one.

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"REMEMBER, THOU SAIDST THAT IF I WON YOU'D LET ME
SMELLETH THY GLOVE."

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for Ms. M. Whenever we go to street fairs or outdoor summer events, Ms. M sits in comfort as I pull her wherever she wants to go. We were at a Renaissance Fair a couple of years ago. It had rained all week, and the fairgrounds were one big swamp. Everybody's shoes were covered in thick mud. Not Ms. M's. She took in all the sights from the back of her customized (It's decorated and painted to reflect her personal style) rickshaw as her coolie slogged through the quagmire. Whenever she wanted to stop and shop, I pulled the rickshaw right to the entrance of the selected store. Unlike the peasants (many of whom bowed to her as she passed by), Ms. M never had to step in any mud that day. At the end of the day, her feet looked as if she had never even been outside.

At one point during the day, Ms. M turned around to find herself suddenly face to face with a little girl who had separated from her family. The little girl was so fascinated with the image of a lady wearing a princess costume being served by a man that she was speechless. Wide eyed, the girl (also in princess attire) just smiled and stared. "Would you like to sit in here with me?" Ms. M asked. Smiling even wider, the little princess nodded and climbed up to sit beside Ms. M. As her parents applauded and cheered, I pulled the two princesses around in a few wide circles. Afterward, adult and child princesses posed together for pictures.

When we debuted Ms. M's rickshaw a couple of years ago, Ms. M and I were both quite surprised by the

overwhelmingly positive reactions of onlookers. I thought that people would mostly see it as an amusing novelty, but they're actually thrilled by the sight. It's as if the image taps into something inside of people that they weren't even aware was there. When other women spot this beautiful lady riding in her royal transport, they express unbridled envy. "That's what *I* want!" "Now, that's the way to travel." "How can I get one of those?" "Oh, aren't you spoiled?" "Does he have a brother?" One lady who saw us was so gushingly enthusiastic that she didn't realize for several minutes that she and Ms. M actually know each other. She was so overwhelmed with the overall image that she could not see that it was her friend sitting in that carriage. The men sometimes joke that I am setting a hard example for them to follow, but they almost always give me a comradely compliment, nod, or thumbs-up. Not infrequently, someone will ask if I can make a rickshaw for them. Many times people have said that the sight of me pulling Ms. M in her royal transport is the most romantic thing they have ever seen.

Last summer a lady asked Ms. M if she could try out her rickshaw. Ms. M allowed it. I gave the lady a little ride. When we got back to the starting point, the lady's husband had taken money out to pay for what he thought was a for hire service. Behind him, four other couples had lined up. All the guys had their wallets out so that they could pay for the rickshaw ride. They were all disappointed to hear that I wasn't actually connected with the festival and would not be able to charge money to give rides.

Recently, Ms. M and I came across the online journal of a young woman who lives in our area. This lady had seen us at a downtown festival. She instantly recognized the blatant female domination imagery of a man pulling a goddess in a royal chariot. She tried to explain it to her coworkers, but they didn't understand the full impact of it. This lady sent out "big ups" to the domme she saw being served so blatantly and in broad daylight. Does serving that way make me a mama's boy? Does it make me weak? No way. It takes real strength to be a lady's rickshaw boy all day in the hot sun.

"Are you strong enough to be my man?"

Sheryl Crow

A footnote to the rickshaw story happened recently. While I was pulling milady at a local fair, a man stopped me to ask me how I had made the rickshaw. This man's wife has some mobility problems. She can't walk long distances. He said that if he could make her a rickshaw, he could take her to all the events she was now missing. Her vanity would not allow her to use a wheelchair or handicap type scooter, but she'd be proud to ride in royal style as her husband acted as her servant. He took my email address and phone number. I plan to help this man fashion a rickshaw for his wife.

"Are you gay? No, are you?"

Prince

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There have been those who have somehow equated a man's submission to a woman with some sort of latent homosexuality. Ridiculous. What possible reason would a gay man have to prove his devotion to a woman? If anything, I think that we're ultra-heterosexual. I used to serve a young lady whose sister was completely bewildered about why a man would let himself be ordered about by a girl half his size. "He must be gay!" was the only explanation she could come up with. Never mind that her conclusion was completely illogical.

The need to submit to a powerful woman is not something you can wish away. For many of us, our desires for female dominance are things that we have been aware of since childhood. Recently I was participating in an online message board where guys were talking about at what ages they became aware of their submissive desires. One man after another related stories that went back to elementary school. Some of these men had fantasies that seemed to pop up all by themselves. Other guys became excited by some schoolyard game that had female domination overtones like cowboys and Indians, cops and robbers, pirates, kidnapping, and prisoner of war type games where a boy found himself somehow at the mercy of his female playmates. One man, explaining how he became aware of his desires when he was a little boy, related how a little girl in the neighborhood used to tie him up and place him in a cupboard while she and the other girls had their tea parties. He never complained. Another man told the story of a girl who deliberately knocked his books out of his hands in the hallway at school. As he

kneelt to pick them up, the girl said, “That’s just me. I like being mean.” This man said that he secretly wished that girl had done mean things to him for the rest of his school career, but he was too afraid at the time to tell her so. I would bet that almost every man who has submissive desires has been aware of them since childhood. Even if they didn’t know exactly what to call these desires or how to express them, they felt them. They are just something we were born with.

Some (most?) men who have submissive desires will try to deny them, run from them, or somehow banish them. Those strategies will not work. Ever. Just like the closeted gays will try to convince themselves that they have had their last gay encounter, closeted submissives will swear to themselves over and over again that they are through with female domination. They’re “cured”. But soon enough, they find themselves looking at female domination websites, calling domination phone sex lines, or making appointments with professional dominatrixes. You can’t cure yourself of this. We didn’t choose to be this way. It chose us. We can either take control of it or let it take control of us. The legendary boxing trainer Cus D’Amato had a philosophy that fear is like fire. If you control the fire, you can heat your house. If you let the fire go unchecked, it will burn down your house. I like to think our need for female domination is more like a volcano. That molten lava is always flowing under the surface. You can’t make it go away. You can only cover it up for a while. But that lava is going to keep on moving until it finds a weak spot above it. Once it finds

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that weak spot, it's going to erupt and spew fire and lava all over everything (Not *too* phallic!).

“Well we all wear a face that we hide away forever.....Some are satin, some are steel, some are silk and some are leather. Did you ever let your lover see the stranger in yourself?”
Billy Joel

If you are going through psychological turmoil regarding your submissiveness, deal with it head on. Don't try to run from it. No man can run that fast. I strongly urge you to get a handle on your needs before you even consider looking for a Mistress. If you don't, your search will be erratic, insincere, and definitely unsuccessful. You will contact a Mistress then retreat. And you will probably do this over and over again unless and until you can be honest with yourself about who you are and what you want. The subject of submissive guys who flake out on the dominant women they have contacted appears on the internet femdom message boards all the time. Mistresses complain about so-called submissive males who make initial contact, promise the world, and then when it's time to follow through, they flee. Once in a while, one of these guys will even have the nerve to contact the same Mistress a few months later...as if she wasn't going to remember him. Please, do not be that guy. Contacting a Mistress you have no intention of meeting is inconsiderate and rude. When you do that, you're wasting a lady's time, and you're giving the rest of us a bad name. If you don't have the guts to follow

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through, leave these ladies alone until you find some courage. Stop acting like a little boy, and man the fuck up. Ironically, manning up may appear to the outside observer, to be the opposite of what it actually is. If you really need to wear a frilly petticoat and act as a lady's maid, you are manning up when you accept this in yourself and actually follow through on this need. To act macho when you don't really feel that way is really being a sissy. It takes real guts to be who you really are.

"I don't want to go to the devil."

The B-52s

The BDSM world is often mixed up in some people's minds with the occult. They think this lifestyle is all about real non consensual torture, Nazism, vampires, Satanism, and witchcraft. Some of the people who might be interested in exploring this lifestyle are scared away by these images. It *looks* evil, so it must *be* evil. S/M does look scary and intimidating. There's all that black leather. Spikes. The ubiquitous whips and chains. We actually call our play spaces dungeons. The "toys" we play with are handcuffs, manacles, and binding rope. People are placed on racks and other devices of pain and torment that look like they come right out of the Spanish Inquisition. All that stuff looks pretty wicked. In fact, many of our clubs have names like "Hellfire", "Wicked", and "Inferno". Most of that's all B.S., though. It's just like Halloween. Sure, we pretend to be pirates and Dracula, and the wolf man, but it's all just make-believe. Most of the time, BDSM play is no more physically or

mentally damaging than playing cops and robbers was when we were children. We used to chase each other around, tie each other up, throw each other in jail, and torture each other until we got confessions out of our playmates. At dinner time, we all went home, and nobody was the worse for the experience. To be fair, there is a minor segment of the BDSM community who likes to dabble a bit in occult imagery and philosophy. They are a small minority, though. Most of the people in the BDSM world are simply living out harmless fantasies. Many people refer to their BDSM activities as “playing”. Most adults quit playing when they hit puberty. People like us are just adults who keep playing all our lives. Maybe that’s why the comedienne Margaret Cho noted the connections between “Star Trek, the Renaissance Fair, and leather sex”. The people into those activities are all grown ups who never stopped playing and dressing up in fun costumes. Ms. M and I have actually run into many of the same people at Comic Con, our local Renaissance Fair, and fetish parties in the same weekend.

CHAPTER 3

GUYS LIKE US

“Do you feel like we do?”

Peter Frampton

Don't think for one second that you're some kind of lone aberration. Never mind the fact that there are literally thousands of women who make their livings as professional dominatrixes. For the moment, let's ignore the fact that for all these women to have a client base there must be tens of thousands of men, perhaps millions who want and need to be dominated by women, that it's not possible that this is a fringe interest of a small perverse minority (We're a *large* perverse minority!). Even if we ignore the ten ton elephant in the room that is professional domination, there is still overwhelming evidence that proves that female domination and male submission are not the domain of a small group of people. It's all around us in subtle and some not so subtle ways.

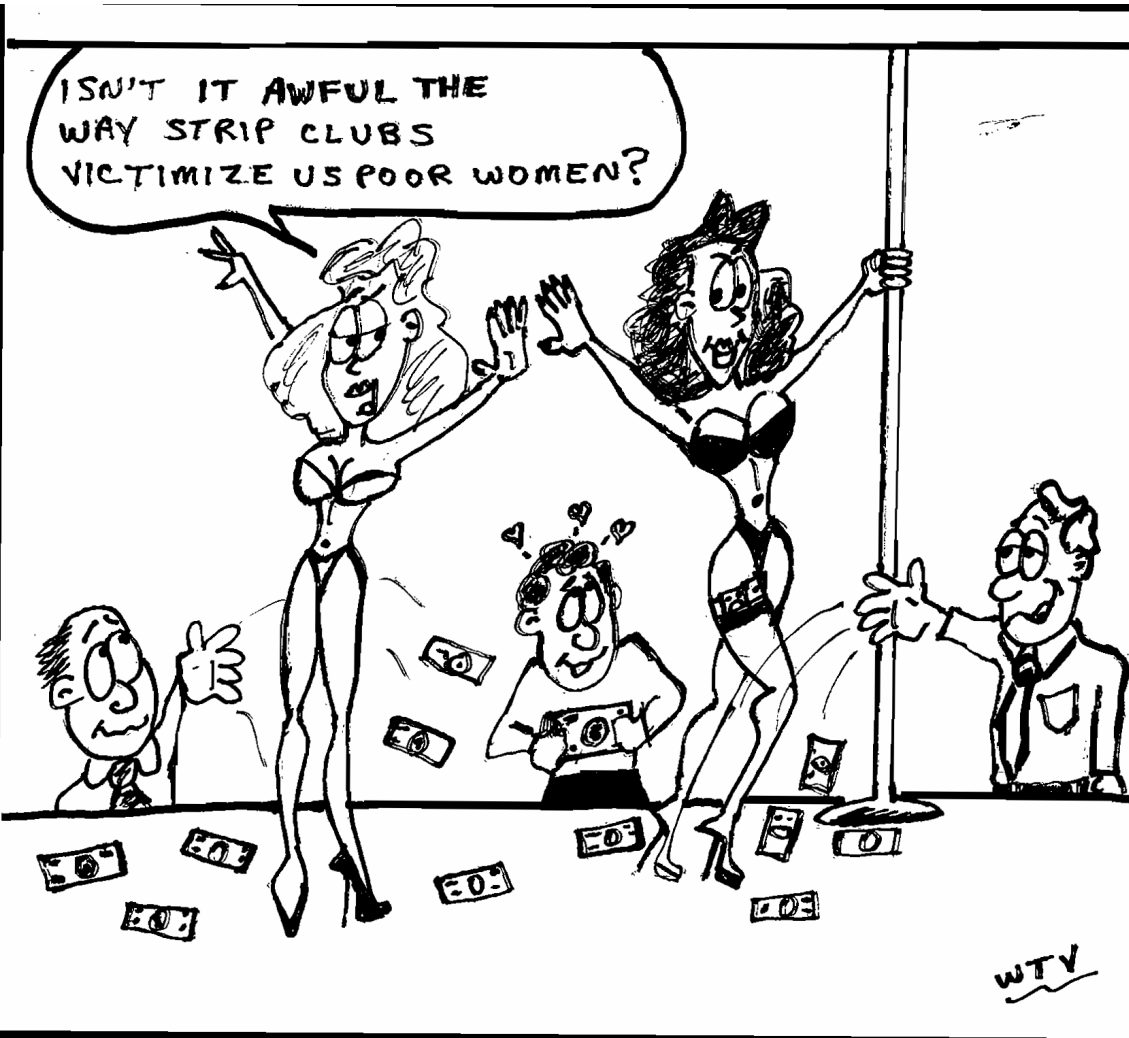
“You're not the only one.”

Guns 'n Roses

Almost every man feels the way we do, at least sometimes. It's just that we feel this way more consistently and more intensely than a lot of other men. And for whatever reason, we enjoy it more. Pretty much any straight man knows what it's like to feel completely

powerless in the face of breathtaking female beauty. It's in our DNA. If it's not, then why are we so willing to hand over our money to strippers? Those sexy vixens strutting around in six inch fuck me heels, wearing next to nothing, looking and smelling the way a girl is supposed to look and smell (What is that perfume/body lotion strippers wear? ALL women should smell like that!)...they make us weak with desire for them. Some people think that strip clubs are all about victimizing women. They couldn't be more wrong. Strip clubs victimize men.

When one of those beauties sidles up to a man, touches his arm, or God help him, sits in his lap, he'll just melt. In no time, he's following her like an obedient puppy into a corner of the club. Not to have sex, but definitely to get fucked. She'll writhe around on his lap, let him smell her perfume, she'll slide up and down his body, let her long hair cascade over his face then smother him with her boobs. That beautiful dancer will do all kinds of things to him, but he won't be allowed to touch her. She'll give him a raging hard on that he won't be able to do anything about, not until he gets back home anyway. And he'll give the girl a pocketful of twenties for the privilege. Camille Paglia said this about strippers, "Stripping is a sacred dance of pagan origins and the money men stuff into G-strings is a ritual offering. The more a woman takes off her clothes, the more power she has, and feminists hate strippers because modern professional



women cannot stand the thought that their hard won achievements can be outweighed in an instant by a young hussy flashing a little tits and ass."

I don't know about the pagan ritual stuff, but the rest of it's sure true. Strippers know how to tap into the core nature of men. Although guys often date or marry the nice girls, they always return to the women who know how to make us guys weak with desire. As men, we need that super hot, crazy sexy girl in sky high heels, g-strings, and lingerie. That's why every big city has a bunch of strip clubs. That's why there are about a million call girls and escorts advertising on the internet and in newspapers all over the country. Those are the girls we want, even if we're scared to admit it to ourselves. Another Camille Paglia quote: "The prostitute is not, as feminists claim, the victim of men but rather their conqueror, an outlaw who controls the sexual channel between nature and culture."

That is the essence of female domination. These women, the strippers and escorts, these modern day courtesans use their beauty and skill to seduce and enslave men, at least for a while. The guys come back again and again for this treatment. And we gladly pay for the privilege. In the strip club, it's not even subtle. They stand above us, enticing us. And when we hand them our money in tribute to their beauty and power, they don't demurely put it away. They wear it in their panties or garters like

trophies. The fact that most customers in topless bars don't readily recognize that they are engaging in the worship of woman does not mean that they aren't doing it. They may not realize that they're paying for the privilege of submitting to a woman, but they are. The female domination activity known as "tease and denial" is practiced more often and more blatantly in the topless bars than it is in any commercial houses of domination.

It's too bad that most women will never understand the allure of the strip club. Sadly and somewhat surprisingly, many women have almost no concept of the power of female sexuality. These women have an awesome power that they allow to lay fallow. Maybe they're just in denial about it. They choose to think that somehow men are different than they are. At least *their* men are different is the myth they choose to believe. But men get it. Some of us are afraid of it. Some of us feel guilty. Some men get angry because of it (More on that later), but we all understand it. It's intoxicating and addictive to give in and give up to the power of woman.

"Every man is the same..."

The Rolling Stones

In chapter two, I mentioned Elise Sutton. On her website, Ms. Sutton compares a man accepting his submissive desires to a man learning that he has a million dollars in the bank. My opinion is actually the reverse. I believe that it's the woman who learns about her power, a

power that has likely remained completely untapped is the one who discovers that she has a million dollars she never knew about that's just laying around. Once she is made aware of what she possesses, a woman can begin to spend her metaphorical money. Until she knows the account exists, she may have needlessly lived like a pauper.

When I met her, although she was already interested in the female domination lifestyle, Ms. M had only a hazy, theoretical understanding of the power women have over men. Even though she had attended a few meetings, munches, and BDSM scene parties, she did not fully understand the power within her. It wasn't really her fault. Often, when a novice *domme* enters this lifestyle, some self-professed experts teach her about BDSM techniques. They teach her the motions, how to properly swing a flogger or strike with a riding crop and how to use handcuffs. That stuff is important, sure, but what these experts often neglect are the more important psychological aspects. To me, it almost seems like they're giving karate lessons. The tacit message is that you have to become proficient in green belt techniques before you are allowed to enter tournaments. I think this is wrong. This attitude is probably conveyed most often in the situations where a fledgling Mistress is learning from a male dominant. In the same way a single mother can't teach her son to be a man, no male can really teach a woman how to be a Mistress. It's not about learning the mechanics. A woman accepting and embracing her dominance is like a bird learning to fly. She already has

the wings. All she has to do is just flap ‘em. But she either has to find the courage to leap off the branch or somebody has to give her a little push.

It wasn’t until she attended her first foot fetish party that Ms. M came to realize just how easily and completely a woman can use her erotic power to overwhelm a man. I will get more into the foot fetish party in the chapter on fetish parties. For now, a brief explanation of a foot fetish party is that it is a gathering at which men pay women for the privilege of worshipping their feet. Basically, instead of a lap dance or table dance, a guy pays a lady to worship her feet. These events are held all over the country and in a couple of cities in Canada as well. When one was scheduled for our town, I alerted Ms. M. She was intrigued. She had never been paid in cash for an erotic encounter. She was kind of excited at the opportunity to be half a pro domme for one day.

On the day of the party, Ms. M was really nervous. I tried to ease her mind as I drove to the strip club where the party was being held. I reminded Ms. M that I would be her security that day, and no harm would come to her. For the party, Ms. M had picked out a smoking hot outfit to wear. She wore a fence net mini dress over black bra and thong. She wore spiked heeled platform sandals that strapped around her ankles. Her toenails were done in bright red (the only good color as far as I’m concerned). To add an air of mystery, she wore a high quality black leather domino mask. Oh yeah, she also brought along her five foot single tail whip.

To her surprise, many of the girls recruited for the party had no experience with foot fetishists and had no idea what to expect. In the dressing room, Ms. M found herself acting as coach and mentor to the young ladies. Although she was initially anxious, once on the floor Ms. M quickly found her confidence. She stalked the club selecting her prey. As she took twenty after twenty from the adoring men, she began to see the male of the species much more clearly. One man after another licked and sucked Ms. M's heels and toes and paid for the privilege. She made one young man crawl on the floor behind her in front of everyone. She got this man so worked up that he blurted out, "I want to be your slave". One man actually begged Ms. M to whip him. She gladly obliged him. When another of her worshippers told her that he was down to his last twenty dollar bill, Ms. M casually plucked it from his hand. She admitted to me later that she did not feel the slightest bit guilty over it. Her only regret was that she did not drag that man over to the ATM in the club so that he could withdraw more money to give to her. Seeing men in their natural habitat gave Ms. M a new appreciation for her power as a woman. She could hardly believe how easy it was to take a man's money from him and give him nothing tangible in exchange for it.

"If women didn't exist, all the money in the world would have no meaning."

Aristotle Onassis

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Most women will never experience anything like that, and that's really too bad. The majority of women exist in a mundane reality of their own making. Because it is in direct contradiction to their personal philosophies, these women choose to believe that only certain sad, pathetic men are that vulnerable to female sexuality. Men know better. We're *all* vulnerable to a woman who knows how to push the right buttons. More than that, we *enjoy* that feeling of vulnerability that certain women can make us feel. It's a thrill, a high to have all those layers of male pride stripped away like that. When a woman can get inside of our psyches that way, it's liberating. There is no greater turn-on in the world than being under a woman's spell. The problem is, once a man comes down from that high, he can feel embarrassed. He retreats and he may even feel resentment toward the woman who made him feel so exposed. A wise woman knows how to address those feelings in a man. She can help alleviate those pangs of guilt and shame. And a wise man will recognize those feelings in himself and deal with them instead of trying to run away from them.

“One of the reasons I don't see eye to eye with Women's Lib is that women have it all on a plate if they only knew it. They don't have to be pretty either.

Charlotte Rampling

The best example of female power I ever saw was on an episode of the television show “Alley McBeal”. If you want to look it up, and I recommend that you do, the name of the episode was “Queen Bee”. It originally aired

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on May 7, 2001. In that episode, Christine Lahti plays a woman named Sidney Gale who hires Alley's law firm to protect her in a sexual harassment and wrongful discharge lawsuit. Sidney is a woman who virtually enslaves every man with whom she comes into contact. She hires only men, and all her employees live to serve her. She is the queen bee in her hive. As a reward for work well done, she allows one of her employees to lick her forearm (a privilege the man begged for). Within two minutes of having met her new attorney Richard (whom she calls Richie), Sidney has him begging to suck on her toe. After briefly feigning reluctance, she relents. Having made him promise to suck it for only a minute, she breathily whispers to Richard, "Go to my foot". Richard is practically orgasmic before he even gets off the couch.

What I really loved about that episode was the choice of Ms. Lahti to play the part of Sidney. Ms. Lahti is an attractive woman, but she is no raving beauty. And at the time she was fifty-one years old. The fact that they didn't use a twenty year old Playboy playmate type was significant. I'm sure this was done by design. The fact that the "Alley McBeal" producers chose a mature woman for the role of Sidney as opposed to a young girl emphasized the fact that real female power does not emanate primarily from physical beauty. It's far more important for a woman to be aware of her power and men's vulnerability than it is for her to be physically flawless. In one scene, Sidney stops by the office. Within two minutes, she is mobbed by dozens of her

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male employee/slaves vying for a chance to show her how hard they have been working to please her. If only all women were like Sidney! Unfortunately, women who are aware of and exercise their power the way Sidney did are relatively rare.

“There are thousands of others like you.”
The B-52s

Millions, actually. One point I can't stress enough is that you are not alone. There are millions, maybe even tens of millions of men who feel the same way you do. That's why there are so many images of dominant women and men submitting to them in movies, on TV, and in magazines. Flip through any fashion magazine, and you will likely see advertisements depicting models and celebrity women with their high heels resting on male models. You'll see women using men as furniture. One brand of hosiery uses almost exclusively female domination imagery in their print advertisements. Some of the ads have a woman walking a few guys like dogs, the men wearing collars and leashes. If you want to see these images and about a million others, do internet searches for femdom in ads or femdom in the media.

There are about a zillion examples of the femme fatale in popular culture. Remember Ginger on “Gilligan's Island”? Ginger was able to use her feminine wiles to wrap any guy around her little finger except that eunuch

Gilligan. And I think her magic even worked on him once or twice. In one episode, there was a scene where Gilligan tripped and fell in the mud at Ginger's feet. For no apparent reason, Ginger slipped a foot out of her shoe and rubbed her toes on Gilligan's face. Beautiful. I'll never figure out how Ginger and Mary Ann were able to keep their hair done and their legs shaven all those years on the island. And don't even ask how Ginger walked around in the jungle and on the beach in stiletto heels! And what was the deal with the professor? The guy could make a lie detector out of two coconuts and some vine, but he couldn't fix a hole in a boat??? But I digress.

Let's look at some more examples of irresistible female power in pop culture. There was a Frankie and Annette movie called "Muscle Beach". There was a girl in that movie who could knock a guy senseless from across the room just by shaking her ass in his direction. Julie Newmar displayed the same talent when she played "Stupefying Jones" in "Lil' Abner".

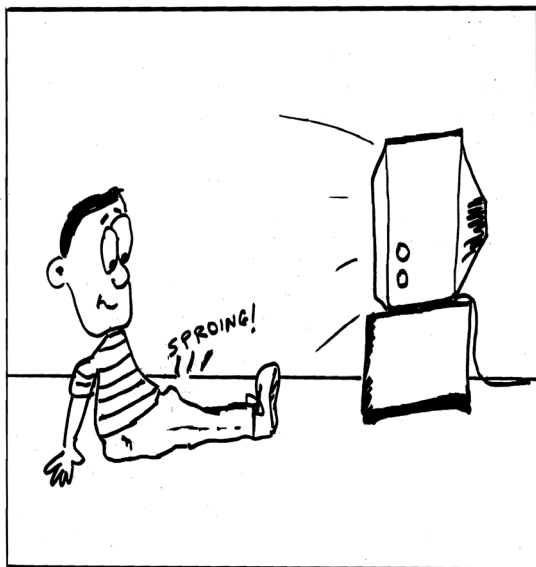
"Women and cats will do as they please. Men and dogs had better get used to it."

Robert Heinlein

As Catwoman, Ms. Newmar was the epitome of the dominant woman. For me and millions of other boys, Catwoman was the personification of our innate desires. In the first place, she had a twenty-two inch waist and thirty-eight inch hips. She strutted around in a gleaming,

skintight black (what else?) cat suit. She was about six feet tall, a true descendant of the Amazons. She sat on a leopard print throne with her male minions sitting or kneeling at her feet. She carried a whip, and she did not hesitate to give her boys a taste of the lash for the slightest disobedience, insolence, or insubordination. When she was displeased, Catwoman would kick her henchmen away from her. She used the spiked heels of her ankle high boots as weapons. And she was so seductive when she tied up Batman and Robin and left them to their fates. For me it would almost be worth dying just to hear Catwoman's laughter and watch her wiggle out the door as she left me tied up in some diabolical trap. I clearly remember the first time I became aware of my own erections. They were inspired by Julie Newmar, the Catwoman. I'm sure that many of you reading this book can say the same thing.

Whenever Catwoman was the guest villainess of the week, just like Batman, I would experience strange "stirrings in my utility belt". Being only two or three years old at the time, I had no idea what the heck was going on down there. So I asked my father (More on pop later), "Dad, why does my penis get hard every time Catwoman is on T.V.?" Did he explain it to me? He did not! He just laughed, the old swine. I think he even told my mother. That was the last time I ever confided in him.



Many years later, I had the great privilege of meeting Julie Newmar. She was terrific. Ms. M and I took pictures with her, got autographs, and I was able to tell her that I have loved her since I was two years old. "Two?" she snapped at me. "Well, Ms. Newmar," I replied, "that show was a long time ago, but my feelings for you have never changed." Seeing this forty year old man exhibiting such boyish enthusiasm, Ms.

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Newmar said to Ms. M, "He is so cute". I thought I would die right then and there. I was like Rudolph the red nosed reindeer in that Christmas special. "She thinks I'm cute!"



"SHE THINKS I'M CUTE!!!"

I recall another villainess from “Batman”. Marsha, Queen of Diamonds. She was played by Carolyn Jones, the actress best known for her portrayal of Morticia on “The Addams Family”. Marsha, as part of her plan to take over Gotham City would drug unsuspecting men. She used a miniature Cupid Cupid statue that shot little arrows dipped in a love potion that her eccentric aunt Hilda had concocted. When one of the darts would hit a man, he would fall instantly and hopelessly in love with Marsha. He would give Marsha anything and everything just to be near her. She kept her worshippers in cages. Under the spell of Marsha’s potion, Commissioner Gordon begged to be allowed to curl up into a ball and serve as The Queen of Diamond’s footstool if only Marsha would let him remain in her presence. Under the influence of her love drug, Chief O’Hara knelt before Marsha right on the street in broad daylight. It would be a long time before I would have the nerve to do something like that, but even then I was excited by the idea of such a public display of humility and worship. I fell in love with Marsha with no need to be hit with a drugged dart. Even at that young age, I knew that I wanted a cruel, capricious woman to keep *me* in a cage too. I’d gladly be Marsha’s footstool. Get out of the way, Commissioner.

There are many more examples of female dominance from TV and movies. Do you remember Jeannie’s evil twin sister on “I Dream of Jeannie” and Samantha’s naughty cousin Serena on “Bewitched”? Those dark haired counterparts to the goody-goody blond

protagonists were not about to obey any mortal man. They tormented and tortured the guys just for the fun of it. Jeannie's cousin actually put Major Nelson in an oversized bird cage. How I wished that were me. That scene was played out again on the nineties sitcom "Just Shoot Me". David Spade's character, Finch was dating an irresistible but completely unstable and manipulative woman. She put Spade in a giant cage and left him in her apartment. The episode ended with another man in the cage after Spade's character had somehow escaped from the woman's spell. When that man called David Spade for help, Spade smirked and said in his snarky way, "You're in the cage, aren't you?"

There was an episode of the sci-fi television show "Lost In Space" that was about a race of Amazon women who enslaved all men they encountered on various planets throughout the galaxy. These warrior women lived in absolute luxury while all the males suffered through a life of drudgery and physical labor. If I had had a spaceship, I would have undoubtedly set a course for the "Condor Nation of Female Warriors". The leader of this race of Amazons was a woman named Noble Niolani. Her skintight black Lurex outfit was a lot like the one Catwoman wore on "Batman". In case you don't know, Lurex is a shiny, stretchy material that hugs the female form like a second skin. It has a reflective quality that captures and magnifies all light and color in the room. The Robinsons, men and women alike, rebelled against Noble Niolani's female supremacist philosophies. Only Will Robinson's sister Penny enthusiastically adopted the

ways of the Condor Nation. She informed young Will that the male is nothing and that the female is everything. She arrogantly commanded her brother to pick up an item she had deliberately dropped to the ground. She then ordered young Will to place it back onto her wrist, “at once!” Much to my disappointment, the Robinsons found a way to defeat Noble Niolani. I would have been much happier if Professor Robinson, Major West, Will, and Dr. Smith had willingly remained the slaves of the women (Hell, the Condor women even enslaved the robot, since he was a *male* robot). If Noble Niolani was on every week, I would have never missed an episode of that show.

There was even a femdom scene in an episode on the cartoon “Pokemon”. James, one of the bad guys from Team Rocket was waylaid by a young lady from his past. She ambushed him in her dungeon that was furnished with a variety of torture devices. The lady pursued the fleeing James and punished him with her six foot bullwhip as he ran to and fro, crying while trying to escape her clutches. James’ parents sat idly by watching approvingly, sipping tea as their son was flogged and brought to heel by a pretty girl in white thigh high boots.

When I was in my teens, the movie “Revenge of The Pink Panther” was released. You might remember the scene from that movie in which Inspector Clouseau, through some convoluted plot happenstance, finds himself wearing women’s clothing while in an Oriental brothel. The madam, having taken notice of the

inspector's attire, surmises what his desires must be. "Allow me to introduce Tanya, the lotus eater", she says, as she strikes a massive gong. At that point a door opens and Valerie Leon emerges, her double Ds spilling over her low cut black leather outfit. HOO-AH! She proceeds to use her bullwhip to administer pain to a cringing, whining, fleeing Peter Sellers. That brief scene was the only reason I went to that movie. I don't even like Pink Panther films. But I had seen a glimpse of that scene in a preview on television. I rushed right out to see it. I only wished the whole movie was scene after scene of Valerie whipping and humiliating the inspector.

More recently, female domination themes have been inserted into movies like "One Night at McCool's" starring Liv Tyler and Paul Reiser. Liv, wearing a sexy outfit complete with elbow length leather gloves, punishes Reiser with a riding crop. He enjoys it, too. Later Paul tells his therapist, played by Reba McIntyre about his SM session. Reba acts like she never heard of such things (Some psychiatrist. Where the hell did she go to school?). From Reba's reactions, Reiser might as well have said that he had spent the weekend on the planet Krypton. Once again, Hollywood sends the hypocritical message that female domination is sick and wrong even though there are a lot of Hollywood actors, directors, and producers who are regular clients of professional dominatrixes. Sigourney Weaver and Jennifer Love Hewitt play mother and daughter grifters in the film "Heartbreakers". In that movie, the ladies use their beauty and seductive charms to manipulate various

men in an effort to get their hands on their money.* In one scene, Ms. Weaver (who seems to get more beautiful the older she gets) ties Ray Liotta to a bed and makes him kiss her foot.

Maybe the best movie for female domination images (barring science fiction/fantasy films) is the 1980 release “9 to 5”. Dolly Parton, Jane Fonda, and Lily Tomlin all fantasize about turning the tables on their sexist boss Mr. Hart, played by Dabney Coleman. I liked Dolly’s fantasy the best. She did a total reversal on Mr. Hart, blatantly sexually harassing him in the office. She chases him down the hall, lassos him, and hogties him. Later, when the girls actually do kidnap Mr. Hart, they put him into elaborate bondage gear complete with a ball gag. When Jane Fonda’s ex-husband spies the trussed up Ms. Hart in Jane’s house, he is outraged and disgusted at what he thinks is Jane’s sexual adventurousness. Jane tells him that she can do bondage or “M and Ms” if she wants to.

*There have been a few real life mother-daughter dominatrix teams. The most famous was probably Jennifer and Artemis Antone. They made several videos separately and together. In one video, they invite a guy over to judge which of them is the better smotheress. That lucky bastard got to experience smothering under both of the Antone ladies’ bountiful asses.

It is simply illogical to conclude that all these and the thousands of other blatant images of female power are aimed at just a few strange men. These images exist because they strike a chord in so many of us. Even the last scene of “Grease” is evocative of female domination. When sweet and innocent Sandy (Olivia Newton John) wants to take control of Danny (John Travolta), she dons black leather and four inch mules. After crushing her cigarette, she places her foot on Danny’s chest and gives him a little shove. At that point, Danny crawls after Sandy like an obedient pet. There are some who would suggest that the image of the dominant woman resonates with most (if not all) men. The producers of all those movies and TV shows know what they’re doing. I have no doubt that the writers are playing out their own fantasies of female domination through their scripts.

I only wish they’d be a little more honest about it. In every instance where a woman displays power over men, she is punished for it. Female domination is often depicted as something evil. Although it’s quite transparent that the men who write and produce shows and movies with femdom themes are turned on by the idea, they seem to have a need to try to (unsuccessfully) hide their fascination with female dominance. At the end of the stories, the powerful woman is either punished, or at least she sees the error of her ways and repents. If there is a female dominated society at the beginning of the story, by the end, everything is egalitarian, and everyone is happy. I just wish that once they could have the story end with all the men happily serving and

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submitting to their Mistresses. I guess I'll have to produce my own movie if I want to see that.

"Possible but I doubt it"

Lisa Lisa and Cult Jam.

Some people would have you believe that some image of female domination you saw at an early age *caused* you to be submissive. Well if that's so, then why didn't the movie and TV images of the villain tying a girl to a railroad track turn you into a sadist? Why didn't watching George Michael videos make you gay? How come you didn't become a mad scientist from watching horror movies? I liken our fascination with female domination images to a kitten getting its first taste of tuna. You don't teach a kitten to like tuna. It's born with that desire. But until you open that first can, the kitten has no idea tuna even exists. But once it gets its first nibble, the kitten goes nuts. "Where have you been hiding this stuff?" it seems to say. "Sure, milk and kitten chow are good, but wow! This is what I've been waiting for! Can I have some more?" It was the same for many of us when we saw that initial femdom image. The first time in our lives we saw anything suggestive of female dominance, whether it was Wonder Woman tying up the bad guys with her magic lasso or Catwoman dominating and punishing her minions, or the gold lame' clad female conquerors from the planet Venus who captured the earthmen, it was like an explosion. Until that time, we didn't know such things existed. But once exposed, we knew we had found what we really needed.

There are dozens and dozens of other examples of dominant women in popular culture. Pop music and music videos frequently have femdom messages in the lyrics and images portrayed. The singer Rihanna projects a dominatrix image on and off stage. She wears thigh high boots, leather, latex, and vinyl all the time. The video for her song “Disturbia” contains many images of unmistakable BDSM imagery (both female dominant and female submissive). Look on Youtube for Janet Jackson concert footage. On one of her tours, every night when she got to a certain song, she would stalk the stage, looking for a suitable victim from the audience. Clad in head to toe skintight black pleather, she would choose her prey. A young man who had been pointed out by Janet would be brought onstage and placed in restraints on a large platform. Once he was suitably immobilized, Janet would mount the trembling, sweating man. The horizontal platform would slowly rise to a vertical position. As she sang, Janet would feel him up, breathe on him, and drive him to the brink with her body, climbing all over her victim as if he were playground equipment and practically dry humping him. I think Janet made one guy actually come in his pants. I almost did, and I was only watching. The audience would scream its approval, everyone enjoying Ms. Jackson’s unabashed display of female power.

Many popular songs make reference to female dominance. Sometimes the songs are subtle, sometimes

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blatant. There is a song by a group called Click Five titled “Just The Girl”. This song is an absolute celebration of a guy’s masochistic lust for an abusive girl. The man is reveling in her mistreatment of him.

*She's cold and she's cruel
But she knows what she's doin'
She pushed me in the pool
At our last school reunion
She laughs at my dreams
But I dream about her laughter
Strange as it seems
She's the one I'm after*

*Cause she's bittersweet
She knocks me off of my feet
And I can't help myself
I don't want anyone else
She's a mystery
She's too much for me
But I keep comin' back for more
She's just the girl I'm lookin' for*

*She can't keep a secret
For more than an hour
She runs on 100 proof attitude power
And the more she ignores me
The more I adore her
What can I do?
I'd do anything for her*

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*Cause she's bittersweet
She knocks me off of my feet
And I can't help myself
I don't want anyone else
She's a mystery
She's too much for me
But I keep comin' back for more
She's just the girl I'm lookin' for*

*The way she sees it's me
On her caller ID
She won't pick up the phone
She'd rather be alone
But I can't give up just yet
Cause every word she's ever said
Is still ringin' in my head
Still ringin' in my head*

*She's cold and she's cruel
But she knows what she's doin'
Knows just what to say
So my whole day is ruined*

*Cause she's bittersweet
She knocks me off of my feet
And I can't help myself
I don't want anyone else
She's a mystery
She's too much for me
But I keep comin' back for more*

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*Cause she's bittersweet
She knocks me off of my feet
And I can't help myself
I don't want anyone else
She's a mystery
She's too much for me*

In the eighties, The Fabulous Thunderbirds had a song called “Tuff Enough”. The lyrics describe the pride a man feels when he goes through hell for his woman. In this song, there is a “bring it on” attitude. The guy described in this song is eager to prove his devotion.

*I would walk ten miles on my hands and knees
Ain't no doubt about it baby it's you I aim to please
I'd wrestle with a lion and a grizzly bear
It's my life baby but I don't care*

*Ain't that tuff enuff
Ain't that tuff enuff
Ain't that tuff enuff
Ain't that tuff enuff*

*For you baby I would swim the sea
Nothing I'd do for you that's too tuff for me
I'd put out a burning building with a shovel and dirt
And not even worry about getting hurt*

I'd work twenty four hours, seven days a week

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*Just so I could come home and kiss your cheek
I love you in the morning and I love you at noon
I love you in the night and take you to the moon*

*I'd lay in a pile of burning money that I've earned
and not even worry about getting burned
I'd climb the Empire State Building, fight Muhammad Ali
Just to have you baby close to me*

Bill Withers had a big hit in the seventies with a song called “Use Me”. I remember when I pointed out to Ms. M what are unmistakable submissive feelings in the lyrics of that song. Ms. M was surprised that she had missed what now seems so obvious.

*My friends feel it's their appointed duty
They keep trying to tell me all you want to do is use me
But my answer yeah to all that use me stuff
Is I wanna spread the news that if it feels this good
getting used
Oh you just keep on using me until you use me up
Until you use me up*

*My brother sit me right down and he talked to me
He told me that I ought not to let you just walk on me
And I'm sure he meant well yeah but when our talk was
through
I said brother if you only knew you'd wish that you were*

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in my shoes

You just keep on using me until you use me up

Until you use me up

Oh sometimes yeah it's true you really do abuse me

*You get in a crowd of high class people and then you act
real rude to me*

*But oh baby baby baby baby when you love me I can't get
enough*

*I and I wanna spread the news that if it feels this good
getting used*

Oh you just keep on using me until you use me up

Until you use me up

*Talking about you using me but it all depends on what
you do*

It ain't too bad the way you're using me

Cause I sure am using you to do the things you do

Ah ha to do the things you do

In the nineties, Tal Bachman did “She’s So High”. Note
the worshipful, adoring lyrics.

She's blood, flesh and bone

no tucks or silicone

She's touch, smell, sight, taste and sound

but somehow I can't believe

that anything should happen

I know where I belong

and nothing's gonna happen, yeah.

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*Cause she's so high, high above me, she's so lovely.
She's so high, like Cleopatra, Joan of Arc or Aphrodite
Do, do, do, do do
She's so high, high above me.*

*A first class and fancy free,
she's high society,
she's got the best of everything.
What could a guy like me ever really offer?
She's perfect as she can be,
why should I even bother --- Aha*

*Cause she's so high, high above me, she's so lovely
she's so high, like Cleopatra, Joan of Arc or Aphrodite
Do, do, do, do do
she's so high, high above me*

*She comes to speak to me,
I freeze immediately,
cause what she says sounds so unreal,
Somehow I can't believe,
that anything should happen
I know where I belong
and nothing's gonna happen, yeah ah ah*

*Cause she's so high, high above me, she's so lovely
she's so high, like Cleopatra, Joan of Arc or Aphrodite
Oh yeah ah ah
she's so high, high above me, oh yeah*

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I think the song that epitomizes the lengths that a man is willing to go for his woman is Percy Sledge's "When A Man Loves A Woman".

*When a man loves a woman
Can't keep his mind on nothing else
He'll trade the world
For the good thing he's found
If she's bad he can't see it
She can do no wrong
Turn his back on his best friend
If he put her down*

*When a man loves a woman
Spend his very last dime
Tryin' to hold on to what he needs
He'd give up all his comfort
Sleep out in the rain
If she said that's the way it ought to be*

*Well, this man loves a woman
I gave you everything I had
Tryin' to hold on to your precious love
Baby, please don't treat me bad*

*When a man loves a woman
Down deep in his soul
She can bring him such misery
If she plays him for a fool
He's the last one to know*

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Lovin' eyes can't ever see

When a man loves a woman

She can do no wrong

He can never own some other girl

Yes when a man loves a woman

*I know exactly how he feels, 'cause baby, baby, baby,
you're my world*

There are probably about a million more songs like these. Songs of praise and worship for the woman the writer of the song loves. There is a strong streak of masochism in these songs. The man in the song is not only willing, he is proud of all the hardships he's willing to go through in service to his lady. I don't care how big an ego you have, there is no way you can think that all these songs were written with just you in mind. Men who identify as submissive aren't cut from a different cloth than other men. They feel the same worship and awe of women that we do. It's just that we feel it a little more strongly and more consistently than a lot of other guys do. And we've learned to enjoy that feeling instead of fighting it.

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CHAPTER 4

CONNECTING THE DOTS

“You like it now. But you’ll learn to love it later.”
Ethan Cohen

The sooner you realize that you can’t get rid of your submissive desires, the better off you will be. You can’t cure yourself of them. You can’t make them go away by ignoring them. You can’t stop feeling this way through force of will. These desires are a part of you. They may be a major part of your sexuality, the only things that do it for you. They are for me. I’m aware of a lot of men who tried to “cure” themselves through therapy or religion or will power. I am aware of no successes. Be honest. You don’t really want that good girl. And there is nothing wrong with that. Once again, Camille Paglia puts it so succinctly. “I want a revamped feminism. Putting the vamp back means the lady must be a tramp. My generation of the Sixties rebels wanted to smash the bourgeois codes that had become authoritarian totems of the Fifties... Thirty years later, we’re still stuck with the ‘nice’ girl.”

Most men have hundreds of sexual thoughts each day. If you’re like me, your sexual thoughts are about being under the spiked heels and whips of leather clad women. They’re about being used as a footstool and sitting pillow. They’re about being degraded and humiliated by a dominant woman. It’s been like that since I was a

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child, and it will probably be that way until I die. That's the hand I was dealt. A lot of other guys have been dealt the same hand.

I don't have any data to back this up, but I think a lot of violence toward women comes from men who are angry at women because of their power over us. My theory is that a lot of guys are furious at women because they desire women so much. I think a lot of rapists have a kind of "I'll show you, bitch" attitude. Instead of celebrating and enjoying the sexual power of women, those jerks lash out because of it. That's my theory, anyway.

"Don't call the doctor. Don't call the preacher. Don't call mama"

Diana Ross

I think I was very fortunate to recognize my needs at a really young age. Whenever I would see the previously mentioned Catwoman, Marsha, Queen of Diamonds, or those Amazons from the planet Venus, I knew that there was some common thread running through them. I didn't yet know there was a thing called female domination, but I still recognized it when I saw it. And somehow, I knew that I wasn't supposed to say anything about it. I instinctively knew that others wouldn't understand if I let on that I was excited by the idea of being a slave to a woman. By the time I was about ten or twelve years old, I wasn't just accidentally running across images of women dominating men, I was actively seeking them out.

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I vividly remember scanning the TV listings every week for any movie that dealt with futuristic societies where women held men as slaves. I soon became aware of other movies that had any scenes of women dominating men.

There was this Richard Pryor movie titled “Which Way is Up?” in which he plays a country guy who gets a job in the big city. When Pryor returns home, his wife tries to tap into his more sophisticated tastes by donning leather lingerie, tying him to the bed, and whipping him with a flogger. Richard’s character, Leroy did not appreciate it, but I sure did. At age thirteen, I wished “Baroness Monique”, as Leroy’s wife Annie Mae had renamed herself, would tie me to the bed and ride me like a horse the same way she did Richard Pryor.

I used to love “The Benny Hill Show”. I watched it every night when I was a teenager. Benny’s show was a bawdy British variety half hour that aired in the 1970s. Not only was it hilarious and filled with hot women, it had frequent female domination themed sketches. I remember one time they did a circus scene where a Germanic woman whipped and mistreated a performing centaur. When Benny, in clown garb, dared to interfere, the stiletto booted ring mistress gave Benny a taste of the lash. Another skit was vaudevillian themed. In it, a whip wielding woman had several “trained men” (including Benny) doing animal type tricks and jumping through literal hoops. When her men did their tricks properly, the female trainer would reward them with a morsel of food that was hand fed to them. When they screwed up, she

was quick to administer the lash. Another good Benny Hill skit took place at a bus stop. A bunch of guys were molesting a timid young lady. When the men finally went too far, the woman transformed before their eyes into a green skinned, muscular She-Hulk type character. After she grew several inches in height and girth, the growling lady ripped off her outer clothes to reveal a vinyl dominatrix type outfit complete with thigh high boots. A whip magically appeared in her hands. She began punishing her tormentors. To the She-Hulk's shock, instead of being dissuaded, all the bus stop bullies began chasing her so that she could continue to whip them. The more she beat them, the faster they ran after her. Every few feet, the guys would pull their jackets off of their shoulders so that they could feel the full effect of the lady's lashes on their backs. Their eyes rolled as their faces contorted into expressions of pained ecstasy. The men were still chasing the fleeing She-Hulk as the credits ran to the accompaniment of kazoo music. Another "Benny Hill" favorite was a skit that portrayed a female dominant nightclub. In the club, the women were served by an obedient male staff. The women openly abused the boys, kicking and slapping them and using them as furniture. When it was time to go, the ladies imaginatively used men as their vehicles.

Another good place to get a dose of female domination was the talk shows. I recall when I was in about the tenth grade reading the TV listing of a show I badly wanted to see. To this day, I regret that I did not fake an illness so that I could have stayed home from school and watched

it. On a local talk show, a woman named Amazon Supreme Velvet Rhodes appeared to speak about the superiority of women. At least I got to read an interview that was done with her in the local newspaper. In the interview, Ms. Rhodes described her female dominant lifestyle. She explained that she had a “personal domestic” servant who did all her housework and served her in more intimate ways as well. I was so turned on by reading it that I think I still have a copy of that interview tucked away somewhere.

AMAZING GRACE

One of the sexiest things I ever saw on TV was on a musical variety program. It was a Canadian show, I recall. I think I was about fourteen years old at the time. Grace Jones, the Jamaican singer with the close cropped hair was performing on the show. You may have seen Ms. Jones in “Conan the Destroyer” with Arnold Schwarzenegger or in the James Bond movie (Roger Moore’s last one, by the way) “A View to a Kill”. She is about six feet tall and very lean, powerful and athletic looking. Grace has an androgynous style. The word that best describes her appearance and attitude is FIERCE. She is not my ideal physical type, but I very much admire her strong persona. Grace was (and is) very popular in the gay male world. She’s known for presenting a very tough image. She sometimes appeared onstage dragging a whip behind her. It wasn’t unusual for Grace to grab willing male audience members by their shirt fronts and rough them up a bit. On this particular show, Grace was performing her song “On Your Knees”. As she sang, Ms.

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Jones slowly made her way off the stage and into the audience. She stopped next to a man sitting by the aisle. As the man looked up at her with a wide eyed worshipful look on his face, Grace looked down at him disdainfully. She casually pointed to the floor as she sang the lyrics, "...time to get down....on your knees....time to beg, time to crawl, time to plead". The entranced man slipped from his chair in one liquid move and knelt before Grace. She put her hand on his head as if he were a favorite pet. I felt this mysterious heat rise all through my body. At that moment, I would have given anything to trade places with that kneeling man.

"My boy was just like me."

Harry Chapin

There were about a million more scenes of female domination from TV and the movies that I can recall from my childhood and teenage years. And I was always able to put them in the same category, although, as I said, at the time I didn't know what to call that category. Lucky for me, my father had a shit load of porn stashed in the attic of our house. He used to get his porn at a bookstore that had two sections separated by a swinging door. On one side, you could get newspapers, regular magazines, candy, and lottery tickets. On the other side was the porn. Once in a while, when I was with him, dad would visit the store. He'd drop me off at the "clean" side of the store. While I was grabbing a bunch of Batman, Spider-Man and Captain America comic books, dad went over to the "dirty" part of the store. Over thirty

years later, I still get my porn from that very same store. A little while back, the store had an advertisement extolling all its DVDs and couples friendly materials. In bold type were the words, **“THIS IS NOT YOUR FATHER’S DIRTY BOOK STORE”**. I went right up to the manager and told him with a smile that his sign was false advertising. This was so my father’s dirty bookstore, and that I had inherited it from him.

My dad didn’t seem to have any one particular type of pornography that he preferred. He was a connoisseur of the stuff. He had a few Playboys, Penthouses, and Hustlers. I remember there used to be a comic strip in the back of Hustler called “Honey Hooker”. In it, there was a dominatrix character who used to really turn me on. In one episode, the dominatrix, whose name was Charlotte, used an elaborate torture device to repeatedly dunk Senator Ted Kennedy into a giant pool of water. I had never heard of Chappaquiddick or Mary Jo Kopechne until I read that strip. Most of the things I know, I did not learn in school. Besides those magazines, dad had a lot of other materials as well. There were contact magazines filled with personal advertisement, amateur mags, and a few semi-hard core magazines. He also had a pretty good number of paperback porn novels and short story collections. And lest you think the old man was some kind of dangerous creep, there was no kiddie porn or bestiality. My dad was a straight up heterosexual man.

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“This is no fantasy...no careless product of wild imagination”

Jor-El in “Superman”

Whenever I could, I used to sneak into the attic and check out dad’s stash. I learned a lot. I especially liked the contact magazines. I think I liked them so much because I wanted to meet real dominant women, not just fantasize about them. The fact that there were dominatrixes advertising in these publications meant that they were really out there somewhere. They weren’t just made up caricatures in science fiction movies. I knew that I had a chance to meet these women in real life someday. Back then, in order to answer a personals ad, you had to send a letter to the magazine along with a dollar or two. The magazine would then forward your letter to the advertiser you had indicated. I remember encountering, amongst the ads for swingers and casual sex partners, the first advertisements for professional dominatrixes that I had ever seen. I still remember my breath coming short and my stomach tightening. HERE was what I had been looking for! Now I could see the big picture. All that Catwoman and space Amazon stuff I had been watching for years was finally gelling! Those fictional depictions were all just watered down dominatrixes. The dominant women in the magazines all wore outfits that were similar to those TV, movie, and comic book characters I had been lusting after since I was riding a tricycle. The high heels, the whips, the boots, the black leather and vinyl, it was all right before my eyes. But now there were no childish plots or half-

baked excuses for the women to look and behave this way. The adverts stated in straightforward language who and what they were and what they were seeking. This wasn't some post apocalyptic future or comic book fantasy world. These women existed in real life! It was like some sort of validation of all the fantasies that I had and all the connections that I recognized in the quasi-femdom materials on television and in movies.

Sadly, in the years to come many of those real life dominatrixes I saw in my father's magazines were punished in much the same way as the fictional amazons in science fiction and fantasy stories. Many of those early dominatrixes were arrested on BS morals or vice charges. Even today, in some backwards areas (and sometimes even in the big cities), being a professional dominatrix can still get you arrested. A few ladies that I have personally known have either done jail time or they've had to spend a fortune in court costs to fight their legal battles.

I would not know until much later that many of the women pictured in my old man's magazines were some of the pioneers in the world of female domination. These ladies were the Elvises, Little Richardses, and Jerry Lee Lewises of female domination. All the ladies practicing female domination who came after them owe a huge debt of gratitude to those brave women who paved the way, often at a huge personal price. Monique Van Cleef, Mistress Tracy of Atlanta and Mistress Vickie Lou of Atlanta had ads in many of the publications. Ever see the

movie “Auto Focus”? It was the story of Bob Crane, the actor who played Colonel Hogan on “Hogan’s Heroes”. In one scene, while talking about the various women he has known all over the country, Crane remarks that Atlanta is a great town for domination. He was right. In the seventies, besides New York and California, Atlanta was where it was all happening.

I kept some of those magazines and read and re-read those ads. I remember seeing in print for the first time terms like foot worship, B and D, and female superiority. My mind would race as I figured out what those phrases meant. I clearly remember deciphering the term “golden shower”. “Oh my God”, I thought. “That is the most humiliating thing I ever heard of. That’s utterly filthy and disgusting. I can’t wait to try it.” Most of the advertisements for dominant women seemed to be from New York. A few however, were from cities closer to me. I knew now that all my desires had been pointing in this direction. I felt this tremendous frustration at the fact that it would be several years before I would be old enough to indulge in these fantasies. I knew then that I must meet these dominant women who tied up and tortured men for fun and profit. I knew that when I grew up, I would somehow become the slave of these super women in their outrageously sexy costumes.

Besides the contact magazines, I loved reading the short stories and novels my dad had tucked away. The bulk of the materials did nothing for me. Most of it was filled with regular fuck and suck stories that mostly bored me.

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Once in a while though, I found a story about female domination that thrilled me to the core. One that really turned me on at the time (although in hindsight, I realize it was totally unrealistic) involved a wife who takes her husband to a professional dominatrix for training. The story was written from the dominatrix's point of view. When the husband did not obey her commands immediately, the dominatrix used her bullwhip on him. Once the professional Mistress had broken and trained him, the husband was meek and completely obedient to his wife. I still recall the dominatrix stating that the wife would threaten to bring him back to the Mistress if ever he should return to his disobedient ways. I even remember a specific phrase from that story. The dominatrix said that the wife used the fear of "my power over him" to keep her husband in line. I thought that was really hot. "My power over him". Wow. Once again, I felt the frustration of my youth. All I wanted was to get older so that I could experience a sadistic woman's power over me.

Through my reading of dad's magazines, I became aware of Leopold von Sacher-Masoch's "Venus in Furs" when I was about twelve years old. I tried and tried to get my hands on a copy to no avail. I even took a trip to the largest library in town. I claimed that I had to do research for a school project. Even at the main library, no copy of "Venus in Furs" was to be found. These days, you can get a copy delivered to your doorstep in two days from Amazon.com or ebay. There are even a couple of movies based on the book as well. Of course I have them

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as well as two or three copies of the book. I even have a graphic novel version of it.

CHAPTER 5

ATTRACTING A WOMAN

“Every girl crazy ‘bout a sharp dressed man.”

ZZ Top

Okay, so enough with the psychological and autobiographical stuff. You bought this book to learn how to find a Mistress of your own, not to learn all about my life story or learn what books to read or movies to watch. Let me assure you though, that the psychological aspects are important. I am positive that the reason most submissive men do not have a Mistress to serve is that their thinking is all muddled. I had a good friend in this life who died a few years ago. He was only in his forties. Without getting into all the gory details, I am absolutely convinced that my buddy’s premature death was directly related to his difficulties accepting and coming to terms with his desires. I am not trying to say that lack of a Mistress will actually kill you, but denying yourself the thing you desire most in this world can result in some very negative consequences in your life.

So just how do you attract a Mistress? How do you become a slave to a dominant woman? First, let’s look at some basic things that should be common sense. If you don’t have a wife or girlfriend already, you have to find a woman before you can start serving her. And when you are trying to attract a woman, any woman, whether

dominant or completely vanilla, you have to do the things that will make her want you. I don't know if guys in the vanilla dating scene are this clueless, but I have seen some behaviors exhibited by guys trying to attract a Mistress that positively amaze me.

“Wash your ass.”

Redd Foxx

Guys, pick up an issue of Men's Health or GQ. Learn how to dress, at least a little. You don't necessarily have to be the picture of sartorial perfection, but if you're still wearing stuff you had when "Miami Vice" was on in prime time, you need to update the wardrobe a bit. Get rid of the 8 Ball jacket. And ditch those run over shoes. Shave. Get a haircut. If you don't already have one, find yourself a good dentist. In the twenty-first century, unless you're in the NHL, there is no excuse for having a messed up grille. Even if you don't have much money or great insurance, the dentist will work with you. Women love a great smile on a man. But even the handsomest man can drive a woman away if he has a mouth like old Jack of the Lantern. Keep your car clean and in good running order. You don't have to have a Ferrari and wear thousand dollar suits every day. Just be clean and neat. Exercise a bit. Make some attempt at keeping in shape. For some reason, there are an inordinate number of people in our scene who are morbidly obese. I know this is America. We *grow* the food here, and it's plentiful. And Big Macs taste wonderful. But there is a big difference between being ten pounds overweight and

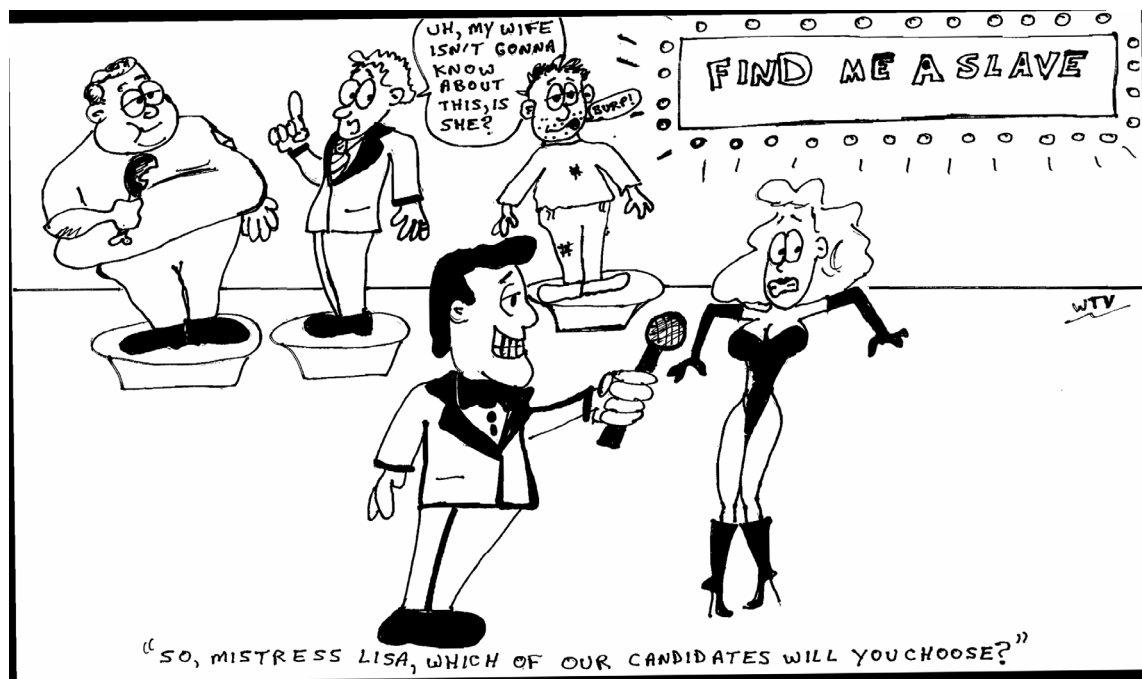
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two hundred pounds overweight. I'm not saying it's impossible to find someone if you're really fat, but it sure makes things a lot more difficult. Please bathe. No woman wants to smell body odor or something worse when you take off your clothes.

"I'm a wonderful thing, baby."
Kid Creole

It really doesn't take all that much to distinguish oneself from the pack of wannabe slaves. There is a statistic bandied about that there are at least ten submissive men for every dominant woman. I don't know how accurate that number is, but it's really of little consequence. Out of those ten men, four are married and looking for a little action on the side. Two of them will make initial contact with a Mistress and then never follow up. Two of those guys will look and smell like Jabba the Hutt. One will have some serious emotional or psychological issues. That leaves the tenth guy... you. If you're single and available, if you have the courage to follow through on your promises, if you can honestly communicate your needs and desires, and if you have good hygiene, you have a very good chance of meeting and serving a dominant woman.

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I suspect that some guys lose women as soon as they open their mouths to speak. I know I've met a few women who blew it with me because of the way they talked. I don't care if a girl looks like Nicole Scherzinger from the Pussycat Dolls, if she thinks that ASK and AX are the same word, I can't be with her. Not long term, anyway. Any Mistress I have ever served for any length

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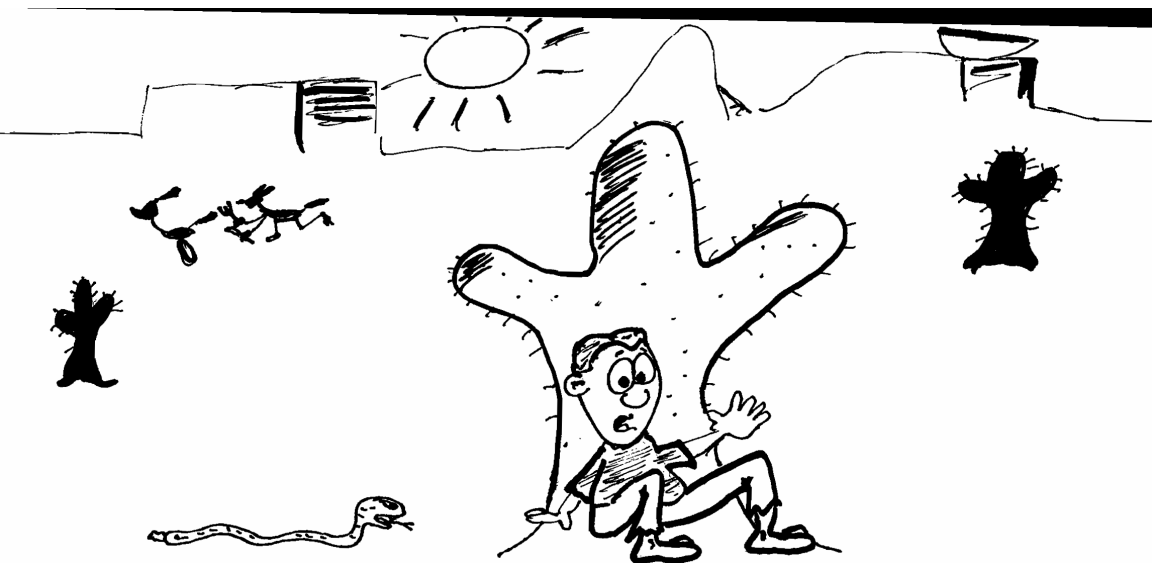
of time has been a lady I would be proud to escort anyplace. I refuse to be embarrassed at an office party by my date who talks like a “hood rat” or trailer trash. I’m sure the ladies feel the same way about us. Guys, do yourselves a favor. If your grammar isn’t good, clean up the speech a bit. There is no such word as “conversate”. “Theyself” is also not a word. “Skinned” and “liked” are one, not two syllable words. You might be a really great guy, but some women just cannot be with a man who says he has to go to the “bafroom”. Familiarize yourself with the word “were”. It’s not “We was” and “You was”. It’s “We were” and “You were”. Learn to conjugate. “He be working” is going to disqualify you for any serious dating with a lot of women. Remember, these ladies aren’t just looking for kinky sex partners. They are looking for long term slaves or boyfriends or husbands who share their interests. You have to try to be as close to the total package as you can.

Once you’ve gotten yourself cleaned up and presentable, you can implement some strategies that will get you into the presence of dominant women. Over the next several chapters, I am going to outline and illustrate several things you can do. Some may be better suited to your situation and lifestyle than others. Some guys have to exercise more discretion than others. If you happen to be the anchor man of your local TV news program or you’re on the city council, you probably can’t go to fetish parties in your home town. You’ll have to use other methods to meet your Mistress. But whoever you are and whatever

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your situation, you have to do something. You can't just sit home wishing and hoping.

A man desperately wants to win the lottery. Every night before bed, he prays that he'll win the jackpot, but he never wins. This goes on every night for years. Finally one night, as the man is in the middle of his fervent prayer, a deep voice comes booming from the sky, "Look, meet me halfway on this thing. Buy a ticket, at least!"



"I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THE MISTRESS OF MY DREAMS HASN'T FOUND ME YET!"

CHAPTER 6

THE FETISH PARTY

*“What good is sitting alone in your room?
Come hear the music play,
Life is a Cabaret, old chum,
Come to the Cabaret.”
Louis Armstrong*

If you are looking to meet a dominant woman, I definitely recommend going to fetish parties. They can be fantastic places to meet a Mistress. If you have never been to one, fetish parties are gatherings of people who are into several forms of alternative lifestyles. These events are usually held at a bar or club. Some of these parties are purely female dominant/male submissive. Most are not. Often the fetish party is a mix of people into BDSM, the goth scene, cross dressing, a few people who are merely curious. Sometimes there is a dress code, sometimes not. These are not sex parties or orgies. Usually there is a DJ or live band. Sometimes there is a fashion show or some sort of performance. I love these parties. If for no other reason, it's fun just to watch the hot girls dressed up in fetish type apparel. If there is a fetish party coming up anywhere near where you live, GO. Sometimes, magic can happen at a fetish party. But it can't happen for you if you're not there. Usually some forms of BDSM play are allowed at fetish parties.

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Sometimes you can even get paddled or spanked by a young lady who is working there for tips. I have been to parties where a bunch of guys lay down on the floor in a row, a long carpet was laid over the line, and the ladies walked across the human red carpet. That is fun. And you'd be surprised at how many women who have never done such a thing can really get into an activity like that. In no time they go from timid and shy to giddy and enthusiastic. Sometimes the girls even pause to dance on the chest of some of the guys. Good times. You might even meet the woman of your dreams at a fetish party. I did.

If you live in a major city, you should have no trouble finding BDSM or alternative lifestyle events. If you don't live near a big city, visit one. Look in your weekly free newspapers or search the internet for events. They're out there. If you are lucky enough to live in New York, California, or London, it will be a simple matter to find some great parties attended by some incredibly beautiful and dominant women. Some of these ladies will be big names in the scene, beautiful ladies you have seen (and probably wanked to) on the internet.

If you search the internet, you can find some incredible BDSM and female dominant themed parties. The Rubber Ball, Dressing for Pleasure, and The Black and Blue Ball are some of the most popular ones. These are all annual events held in some of the most exciting and glamorous cities in the world. These gatherings are spectacle,

festival, and celebration all in one, and they are fantastic. Your senses will likely be overloaded. After one of these events, you'll be feeling the high for days afterward. These events are attended by hundreds of people. There is food and drink. There are stage shows by celebrity dominatrixes, and there are gobs of beautiful people decked out in awesome costumes. On a somewhat smaller yet rapidly growing scale (I think nearly five hundred people attended their last party), several times a year in England, Club Pedestal hosts parties strictly for "The dominant woman and those who adore her". You can see lots of pictures from their events at Clubpedestal.com.

I would love to travel to England and attend a Club Pedestal party some day. What I like most about the pictures of their parties is that a sense of enjoyment can be seen in the faces of the ladies. All the ladies, of various ages, sizes, races, and attractiveness levels are just beaming as they are served by men wearing the leather dog collars that are mandatory for all the guys in attendance. In 2007, the British magazine "Scarlet" sent some the ladies on its staff to a Club Pedestal party. The article that reported on the "Scarlet" ladies' experiences at the club was reprinted on Clubpedestal.com. I gather that "Scarlet" is sort of like the American "Cosmopolitan" magazine. It might be a tad racier, but it's similar to Cosmo in that it is a publication for young, single women. A lot of the articles seem to be sexual in nature. The Club Pedestal article recounted the fun the girls had trampling men and using them as dance floors.

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They enjoyed being waited on hand and foot by obedient males. The author of the piece confessed that having the high heel of her shoe sucked by a man lying at her feet was “surprisingly sensual”. Accompanying the article were several pictures of the “Scarlet” ladies enjoying themselves. As the ladies stood and lay on men and used them as footstools, you can see the genuine joy in their faces. That article probably gave the female domination lifestyle a lot of good public relations.

I know that it can be intimidating and downright scary to go to a fetish party, even a small local one, never mind the mega events. If you have never attended one, you’ve probably built up the idea of the fetish party in your fantasies to such a degree that actually going can seem like an impossibly daunting task. You may feel like you could never muster up enough courage to ever really go through with it. I know how you feel. I’ve been there. But I can’t urge you strongly enough to somehow find the courage to go. I can’t guarantee you that you’ll find your fantasy Mistress at the first party you attend, but you might. Maybe she’ll be at the second party. Maybe you’ll meet her at her tenth, or the fiftieth. You have to be persistent. And anyway, it’ll be fun.

“I’m a boy, and I’m a man...I’m eighteen!”
Alice Cooper

My first time going to a BDSM club was a long time ago, but it’s something I’ll never forget. When I was a young man, it seemed like there was nothing in this scene going

on in “flyover” country. It was really frustrating to me that all the cool BDSM stuff happened in New York or California. The Midwest, where I’m from, was a lifeless desert. One day, while reading one of the female domination publications (bought at my father’s dirty bookstore) that carried personal advertisements and ads for various events around the country, I came across something that made my eyes bug out. A new BDSM club was opening up *in my home town!!!* I could hardly believe it. I felt like Jerry Seinfeld in his famous bit about being a child and finding out about free candy on Halloween. “I gotta be a part of this. I’ll do whatever it takes...I can wear that.”

I walked into an S/M club for the first time when I was still a few weeks shy of my eighteenth birthday. What did it matter that I was still technically underage? I wasn’t planning on drinking any alcohol anyway. The opportunity to interact with dominant women would be intoxicating enough for me. Once I knew there was a place in my own home town where I could meet actual Mistresses, I knew that nothing could keep me from it. To say that I was nervous that first time would be an enormous understatement. I was terrified! On the drive to the club, my heart was racing. I was so nervous that I had to turn off the radio so that I could concentrate. I was nearly hyperventilating. To make things worse, the club was in a rather rough part of town. I had to watch my back, and I also had to worry about my car. If anything happened to it, I had no way to explain what I was even doing in that area. The fellow who owned the

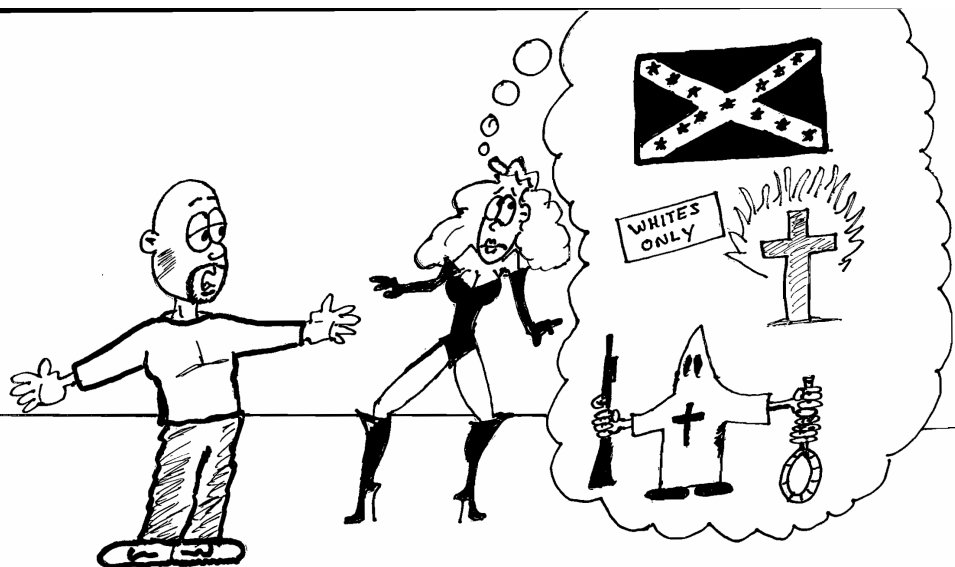
place was manning the door of the club. This guy was kind of a big shot in the BDSM world in those days, and he had no intention of letting some seventeen year old punk with a bullshit fake ID into his club. Yet somehow...somehow, I talked the guy into letting me in. I think I must have used the Jedi mind trick on the man. I paid my money, and he buzzed me in!

Once inside, I was not disappointed. The club was, as Ernest Hemingway would have said, a clean well lighted place. There was a nice bar area and a stage on the one side of the main room. In the back of the club were private rooms with couches, TVs and VCRs. And all over the place were real live grown-up ladies carrying whips and wearing leather outfits and spiked heeled boots and shoes. For me, this was heaven. Before the night was over, I found myself on the floor worshipping the boots and the stockinged feet of a petite lady who must have been in her late twenties or early thirties. I think her name was Mistress Kat. She was really sweet. She could tell that I was young and relatively inexperienced, so she broke me in slowly and gently. I hope I run into her again some day. I'd like to thank Mistress Kat for taking it easy on a nervous seventeen year old. I went to the club a few more times. It would not be long however, before the place closed down. While it was open though, some great parties were thrown there. Some of the biggest names from the BDSM community came from all over the country to attend. What eye candy that was. Beautiful dominatrixes in skimpy leather outfits and outrageous boots, whom I

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had only seen in grainy photos and worshipped from afar, were now standing before me in three glorious dimensions. The last time I passed that neighborhood, I saw that the building that used to be known as “the home of psycho drama” was now being used as a church. If those parishioners only knew what went on in the place that they now take Holy Communion, they’d probably faint dead away. They needn’t be so shocked, though. I’m sure they have a big cross in there now. We had one too. There was a wooden St. Andrew’s Cross (shaped like an X instead of a T) in the place when it was an S/M club. The only difference was our cross wasn’t just decorative. We actually used it.

I should mention that female domination and BDSM are not synonymous. They overlap, but they are not exactly the same thing. I have a friend in this scene named Walter. Walter actually *enjoys* being whipped. For him, a beautiful woman marking him up with a vicious single tail whip or cat ‘o nine tails is a pleasure. For me, it’s punishment. I try to behave and provide exemplary service to *avoid* being whipped. Walter asks for the whip. He goes to parties hoping that a lady will whip him. It’s not always easy for Walter to get his masochistic itch scratched, though. He’s a black man, and there’s just too much lingering historical guilt for some women to actually take a whip to a dark skinned black guy. Walter could make things a bit easier on the ladies if he’d stop muttering, “Kunta Kinte” after each stroke of the lash.



"I DON'T GET IT WHY WOULD YOU BE UNCOMFORTABLE
TAKING ME ON AS A SLAVE?"

JTV

"I get by with a little help from my friends"

The Beatles

Okay, goodie for me. I somehow found the nerve to hit the fetish parties. Give the big, brave boy a cookie. But what is a guy supposed to go if he's just too scared to go to a party? If you just can't get the nerve up, there are a few strategies that might make things a little less intimidating for you. Before going to an all-out fetish party, you may want to attend something called a

“munch”. A munch is an informal lunch or dinner where people can be brought into the community in a friendly, less intimidating environment. You wear normal street clothes. People just talk in a laid back, no pressure environment. And there’s food too. Newcomers are encouraged to ask questions. Phone numbers and email addresses are exchanged. You can listen to others and participate in the discussions. You can even make some friends so that you’ll feel less isolated. Just being around other people who have similar interests can make you feel a lot more relaxed. All of a sudden, you don’t feel so strange or isolated.

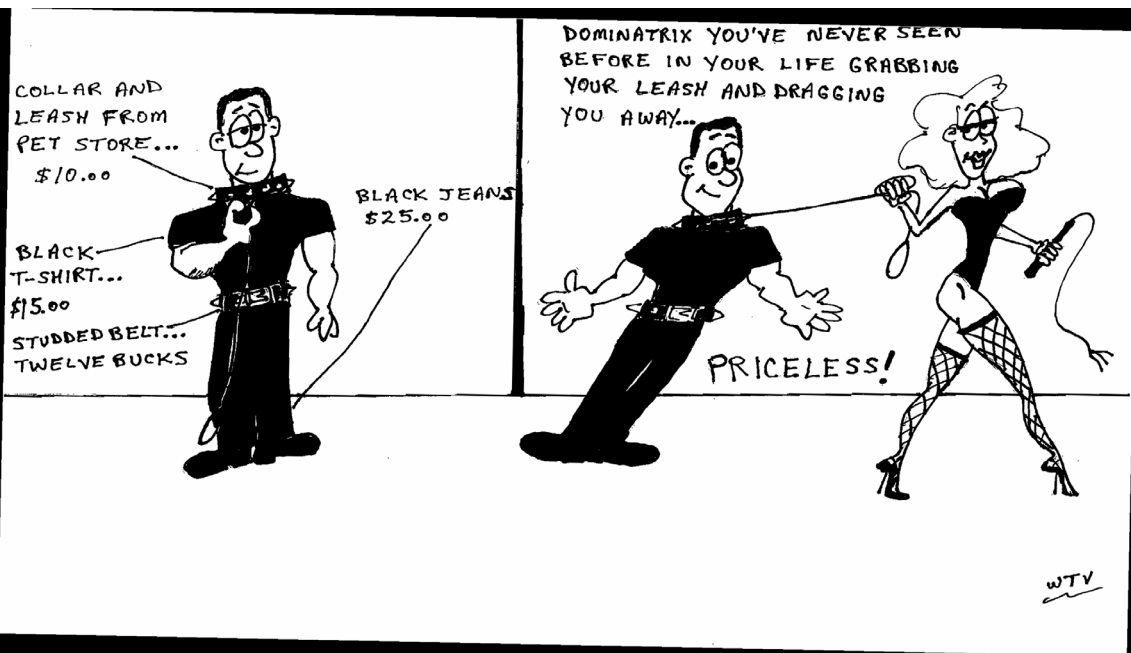
After you’ve made a few friends at munches or meet and greet events, you’ll have a group of people who can go to parties with you. It’s a lot easier to socialize if you already know some people. If you’re really lucky, you might even make some genuine connections. As every guy knows, there is nothing like having a wingman to make it easier to meet women. Think Vince Vaughn in “Swingers”. For several years, I had a really good friend in the scene who was my wingman on many nights. And I was his. Robert and I would either drive to a party together or we’d meet up at the club where an event was being held. Two cool guys hanging out together look a lot less desperate than one scared little nebbish lurking about on the periphery staring at the girls. I remember that we used to have a friendly running argument. Rob always thought I had better luck meeting women than he did, and I always thought that his luck was better. When I think about it now, I think he got more girls, but I was

able to make the connections last longer. Were there nights that neither of us met anyone? Of course. Like any guys, we struck out way more times than we hit home runs. But so what? Even if neither of us hooked up on a given night, we would still have fun hanging out together.

If and when you do make it to a fetish party, here are a few things to keep in mind. Even if there is a dress code, and there probably will be, you don't necessarily have to wear head to toe leather or elaborate fetish wear. That stuff can be expensive. For your first party, just wear all black and they'll let you in. If you happen to own a tux, that's always a smooth move. You can be all James Bond. Please don't try to get away with blue jeans and gym shoes. Even if you somehow get in, you will look out of place. Some Mistresses see it as disrespectful when people come to a fetish party dressed for a ballgame. Although you don't have to spring for a whole new wardrobe right off, it won't hurt to pick up an accessory or two. Ten or fifteen bucks will get you a studded leather belt. That's always a cool quasi fetish item. I highly recommend stopping at a pet store and picking up a dog collar and leash. I prefer a black leather collar with metal studs. You just let that collar hang there, and fiddle with it a bit the way Jay Leno fiddles with his tie when he delivers his nightly monologue. I can almost guarantee that sometime during the night, a lady will grab your leash and pull you toward her. Sometimes she'll ask, "Who do you belong to?" A nice smile and a "Nobody, ma'am," will likely get you some

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nice kneeling and serving time at her feet. A similar thing can happen anyplace. Sometimes in the vanilla world, a woman might during conversation, hold onto your tie. This is a HUGE hint that she has dominatrix potential. She is definitely sending you a message (even if she's not fully aware of it). Go with it. Lean into it. Don't resist. Let your body language signal submission. If she tries to pull you by the tie, go where she leads.



If you do manage to attract a lady's attention at a fetish party, don't be overly enthusiastic. Be cool. Ask if you can buy her a drink. Always bring a lighter to the club so that you can light the ladies' cigarettes. Bad girls tend to

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be smokers, and dominatrixes are some of the baddest girls around.

I don't want to diminish anyone's feelings. Going to a fetish party can be scary. I've been scared too. But I like to think of these parties as roller coaster scary as opposed to gang of muggers in a dark alley scary. A fetish party is a thrill ride. You'll be nervous, scared, terrified, and your stomach will do loops. But it's all completely safe. I assure you, nobody is going to grab you and do things to you that you don't want them to do. You will not be injured in any way. The best thing that can happen is you will actually be allowed to serve a dominant woman or two, at least for a little while. The worst thing that will happen is that nothing will happen. Just like any other Saturday night at the bar, you'll have a beer or two and go home alone, none the worse for having gotten out of the house.

"I'm such a lucky guy"

The Temptations

I seriously recommend going to a relatively new subgenre of the fetish party, the foot fetish party. It was at a foot fetish party that my lady, Ms. M came to fully realize her power as a dominant woman. These events are "pay for play", but don't let that throw you off. I actually traveled to New York a couple of times just to go to foot fetish events. If you're not familiar with foot fetish parties, they're basically events set up where guys can pay various women to worship their feet. The usual

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“tribute” is twenty bucks for about fifteen minutes of foot worship. The ladies at the parties are professional and lifestyle dominatrixes, strippers, models, and various other women recruited by the party planner. The general idea is that the ladies have an opportunity to have fun and make money besides. The men can experience the ecstasy of serving beneath the feet of several gorgeous ladies in one evening. A guy can spend as much or as little as he chooses. He can have nonstop action, or he can pace himself. And I should tell you that a lot of the women who are at these parties are incredibly beautiful. Some of them are celebrities in the femdom world or adult industry. Foot fetish parties are good places for a guy to meet and serve some of the women he may have been admiring and lusting after for years.

“Girls, girls, girls.”
Motley Crue

Usually, once a foot fetish party is over, everyone goes their separate ways. That’s not always the case, though. I’m aware of at least two marriages that have resulted from a couple meeting at a foot worship party. I never got into a relationship with anyone I met at a foot fetish event, but I experienced some unforgettable nights in New York City that started at foot worship parties. The first time I went to one of these events, I talked to and became friendly with a few of the ladies. One lady (a pro domina) really took a shine to me because I had brought food, and she had not eaten all day. She dug right into one of the sandwiches I brought. “Next time, put on

tomatoes”, she told me in her Russian accented English. She and a few of the other ladies spent a lot more time with me than I actually paid for. In fact, two women went far beyond foot worship sessions. At one point, I turned around and found myself face to face with a gorgeous chick who was standing at the bar. Our eyes locked, and the next thing I knew, we were making out all over the joint. If there had been a private enough area, I would have banged her right then and there. Technically, no foot worship session went on. I gave her some money for her time anyway. Later I met a rather well known, gorgeous Japanese pro dominatrix whom I will refer to as mistress Tokyo. I approached her and introduced myself. She ended up giving me a lot more than a foot worship session. Mistress Tokyo had me lie down on the floor so that she could sit on my crotch, recline on my thighs, and rest the soft soles of her bare feet on my face. She later took me into a corner of the club where she teased and pinched my nipples, slapped my cheeks and spit into my mouth. Mistress Tokyo made me kneel in front of her and jerk off into a towel as she teased my nipples with her fingertips. She whispered dirty things to me in her sweetly accented voice. I pretty much fell in love with her on the spot. We exchanged information and stayed in touch via email for a while. I used to love the slightly fractured English Mistress Tokyo used in her emails where she referred to me as her “nipple slut”.

About a year after that first NYC foot fetish party, I went to another one. At that one, I spent a lot of time with a professional domina who was tall and sexy with short

dark hair and glasses. She looked a little like Justine Bateman from “Family Ties”. Once the party was over, this lady invited me to another club in town.* The second party was a blast! There was a great crowd that included many famous professional dominatrixes. The Justine Bateman look alike who brought me couldn’t stay very long so she presented me to another pro domme who was in attendance by handing my leash to her. This lady was a flawless blond beauty. Her bone structure was so good that instead of pretty, one could almost call her handsome. She was sort of a young Sybil Shepherd type. This woman used me as a footrest and ashtray for a couple of hours. She held court surrounded by several adoring men, pontificated on a variety of subjects, and flicked her ashes into my waiting open mouth. Later in the evening, when another dominatrix (a hot Puerto Rican chick) tried to lure me away, the blond bombshell barked out my name and called me back to her. I obeyed. When I got the chance to talk to Ms. Bombshell, I found out she often visits my home town. When I heard that, I had to laugh because I knew the reason why. There is a well known attorney in my city, and I have heard rumors that he (ALLEGEDLY) is in the habit of paying for beautiful (usually blond) dominatrixes from all over the country to visit him for a few days. He likes to put them up in really good hotels and have several play sessions while they are in town. He even brings them to court so that they can sit in the gallery and have the opportunity to see what a skilled litigator he is. I doubt his wife knows anything about these arrangements.

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That night there were some ladies in attendance at the club who worked as professional dominas at one of the New York dungeons. They had planned to do a stage performance and demonstration that night, but their male slave volunteer was a no show. The girls asked me if I would fill in for their prodigal slave and be their victim for the evening. Um.....YES! We talked over the details, set a few ground rules, and the girls pulled me onto the stage. The memory of the show is a little hazy, but I remember it was a bunch of fun. There were about six of them. They trampled me, led me around by my leash, and one of the gorgeous ladies spit several mouthfuls of gourmet vanilla ice cream into my mouth. Delicious. It was the perfect dessert after a meal of Virginia Slims ashes and butts.

Around three a.m. I decided to head back to my hotel. My flight home was departing at around ten, and I wanted to catch at least a little sleep. Little did I know the night wasn't over yet. One of the ladies, a really cute pro domina of Asian extraction (not the Japanese lady from the previous year) informed me that after the club, she and some of her crew were coming over to my hotel room. Yeah, right. Pull the other one. A little while later, back in the hotel, I was coming down from a wild night by watching Scooby Doo cartoons. Around four-thirty in the morning, there was a knock on the door. True to her word, the Asian Mistress was there with about six or seven other girls and a couple of guys. It was like that stateroom scene from the Marx Brothers movie "A Night At The Opera", but in reverse. Instead

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of a bunch of people tumbling *out* of a small room, a crowd of people all tumbled *into* my little room all at once. So much for sleep. As Sam Shepherd told Patrick Swayze in “Roadhouse”, “I’ll sleep when I’m dead”. I was informed that one of the guys in the group owned a dungeon/play space that was only a few blocks from the hotel. The gang was headed over there to open up the place and play until sunup. The girls wanted to know if I wanted to come along and join the party. Giddyup!

The blond bombshell who had earlier that night flicked her cigarette ashes into my mouth was in the group. Along with her was a cute British Mistress with a Spice Girls accent who was really digging me earlier in the night. (I know the story of all these Mistresses of various ethnicities and nationalities may seem like a total fabrication, but I swear that every word of this story is true.) Anyway, Ms. Blond Bombshell and Mistress Spice Girl stayed behind. They had something important to talk about, and they wanted to use my room to do it. Since I had no valuables in there, I had nothing to lose by letting them have the room. Ms. Spice Girl was really in love with me at this point.

The rest of us walked the five blocks or so to the dungeon. I figured that these wild New York sophisticates were all on Ecstasy or something. I was cold sober. I even stopped at a little bodega to get a quart of milk to drink on the way. I needed a little protein. What a square. We spent the wee hours talking and frolicking in a beautifully furnished play space. The

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aforementioned Asian lady bound me to a spinning wheel set on a wall. She then gave me a pretty hard whipping. I'm no masochist, but I was happy to take lashes from her. By six in the morning, I had to go. I had a plane to catch. The others were still playing when I said my good byes. On the way home, I kept thinking about how I had just had the opportunity to play with and serve so many Mistresses over the course of twelve hours for relatively little money (not counting the plane fare). Then I opened up the textbook I brought along on the trip and started studying. I had a test that evening.

I am not for one second suggesting that if you attend a foot fetish party, you'll have a night like that one. I realize that I had a perfect storm night of femdom fun. A lot of stuff seemed to just happen on its own. But I knew enough to go along with the flow. I had traveled all the way to New York to party. It was no time to be shy and retiring. When you get opportunities like those, you have to grab them.

"Here comes your man."

Pixies

For several years now, I have been the slave of a very beautiful dominant woman. She is also highly educated and accomplished. She's also a very skilled and seductive Mistress. Whenever other submissive men meet her, they always tell me how lucky I am to be with her. True, I am lucky, but not in the winning the lottery sense. I'm lucky in the "preparation meeting

opportunity” sense. The lady didn’t just show up on my doorstep decked out in head to toe black leather carrying a cat o’ nine tails (Although that actually *did* happen on “The Benny Hill Show” one time!)

I met Ms. M at the first fetish party she ever attended. The hostess of the party pretty much pulled me over by my leash and handed me to her. We’ve been together ever since. So, just what the heck does that have to do with preparation? Quite a lot, actually. In the first place, I had been attending scene parties all over my home state for many years. I had built up a good reputation as a friendly, sincere, trustworthy, and most importantly, safe submissive man. Not to brag, but my rep was so good that whenever new guys would come to their first meeting or munch, the hosts would hold bring up my name as an example of a guy who knows how to behave at parties. The new guys would be told that if they conducted themselves the way I do, they would fit in just fine.

When I met Ms. M at that party, she was standing all by herself, looking very nervous. She later told me that until we met, she was beginning to feel that it was a big mistake to come solo to a BDSM gathering. When the hostess noticed Ms. M’s obvious discomfort, she pulled her aside. She told Ms. M that she looked really uncomfortable and out of sorts. Ms. M admitted that she wanted to leave. The hostess then told Ms. M that she knew a really good guy she could introduce her to. “He’s in the next room. Stay here and I’ll go get him.” Ms. M

was not convinced, but she agreed to stick around for at least a few more minutes.

The party hostess found me and told me that she had someone she wanted me to meet. I said okay, but I was less than enthusiastic. Attendees of lifestyle BDSM are not always beauty contest winners. I was afraid I was going to be saddled with an unattractive morbidly obese woman for the rest of the night. Well, when Ms. Hostess pointed across the room to a pretty, light brown skinned young woman, my attitude quickly improved. The lady was trim and attractive in her short skirt, semi-sheer top and spiked heeled boots. Her hair was done in a short afro. I wasn't sure what to make of that. Very few black women wear their hair that way these days, and I was afraid that hairstyle could be indicative of some annoying left wing politics. The last thing I wanted to hear was a long dissertation on her aversion to putting the white man's chemicals in her hair. If I want to hear that kind of stuff, I'll listen to Lauryn Hill records. (Oh well, I figured. At least it's not *dreads*.) Not to say that the short natural wasn't becoming on her. She looked good. I thought she looked like she should be on the cover of Essence magazine. Sexy but classy.

I said, "Hell yeah, I'll meet her!" So Ms. Hostess dragged me by my leash to where the lady was standing, and she introduced us. As soon as we were introduced, Ms. M excitedly said, "Hey, I know you!" Turns out Ms. M and I had actually grown up in the same neighborhood and gone to the same schools. We didn't really know

each other well when we were kids, but we had seen each other around. I actually knew her mother better than I knew Ms. M. Anyway, the lady felt very at ease at this point. Inside of five minutes, we were making out all over the club. We've been together ever since.

As with all the methods of meeting your Mistresses, there are Dos and DON'T'S for the fetish party. I already told you most of the Dos. There are also a lot of behaviors to avoid. Don't stare or leer at women. Don't ever touch a woman without permission. Don't ever interrupt a scene that is going on. That's a big one. At some clubs, interrupting a scene can get you kicked out. If a Mistress talks to you for a while, don't overstay your welcome. Unless you get some strong signals to the contrary, a lady probably doesn't want you to monopolize her whole night. In short, don't be a jerk. Many of the same rules that apply in vanilla clubs apply in fetish clubs, only more so.

*Side story. At one of the New York parties, I met a pro domina who lives in my home town. I recognized her from her pictures in various local magazines. I introduced myself and we started talking. We hit it off pretty well. I ran into her again that night at the second club I hit. We had a laugh over the fact that we had never met back home, but now had we met twice on the same night in New York City. We traded numbers and got in touch with each other when we got back home. Ms. M and I are close friends with her to this day.

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CHAPTER 7

THE PERSONAL ADS

“Do you like pina coladas and getting caught in the rain?”

Rupert Holmes

I highly recommend using personal advertisements to meet a Mistress. I have used this method with success many times. I have friends who have found their Mistresses in the same way. One couple I know who met on collarme.com, a popular BDSM personals site, were recently married. On the surface, you could hardly imagine a more unlikely couple. He is a white man in his sixties. She is a twenty something black woman. But they are a great femdom couple. The lady is hard core. She loves to use the whip and the cane. She enjoys marking his skin. She also believes in long term chastity. At the time of this writing, I don't think she's allowed him to have an orgasm for over two hundred days. Goddess V would be too severe for a lot of guys. I know I'm not tough enough to take what she dishes out. But my friend Mr. R is the perfect slave for her.

Mr. R has an interesting life story. He has experienced pretty much everything discussed in this book. When he was young, alternative lifestyles, including female domination, were underground. He grew up during a time when such things seemed almost nonexistent. Mr. R

tried to convince himself over and over that he could get over his desires to submit to a woman. He even discussed his needs with a minister. Of course the pastor got it all wrong. He told Mr. R that such desires were from Satan. More guilty than ever, Mr. R got married (twice!) to women who were not at all compatible with him. Try as he might, Mr. R could never rid himself of his fantasies of dominant, sadistic women. Whenever he got the chance, he would see professional dominatrixes behind his wives' backs. It was not until he was in his sixties that Mr. R finally admitted to himself that he would never be able to get rid of his submissive desires. In order to be happy, Mr. R would need to find a dominant woman to serve. He did not hit pay dirt the first time. Mr. R had a few false starts. But he persevered and finally met Goddess V.

There are several different varieties of personal ads from which to choose. You can find print advertisements in Sunday newspapers in many cities and in the weekly free papers. You may find that the regular newspaper may not allow ads from people seeking alternative lifestyle relationships. The free weeklies usually allow more leeway in terms of language. In the Sunday paper, they may not allow you to use words like dominant or submissive or Mistress or slave. If that is the case, you'll have to be a little creative. Instead of submissive, you may define yourself as fawning, obsequious, or adoring. In place of dominant, you could use words like patrician, aristocratic, or demanding. There are telephone personals. And of course, there is the internet.

Way back in the pre internet days, I placed my first personal ad in a free weekly newspaper. I was around nineteen or twenty at the time. In those days, you mailed in copy to a magazine or newspaper. To respond to your ad, a person sent a letter to the publication that had printed it, and the publication forwarded any correspondence to you. This was way back in the olden days, so there was probably a pony involved in there somewhere, but I'm a little hazy on that bit. I had rented a post office box for all my sensitive mail. The last thing I wanted was a bunch of strange letters coming to the house. I was still living at home then, and my mother was quite nosy and had little or no respect for privacy. I don't remember how many responses I got from that advert, but I do recall meeting one lady.

She was a thin black woman in her early twenties. She was not really pretty, but she looked okay. That didn't really matter to me at the time, anyway. (Even today, looks are important but secondary. I would rather be the slave of a woman who was a skilled and seductive dominatrix but physically a six than a Playmate of the Year who was purely boring and vanilla.) I had never embarked on a strictly Mistress/slave type relationship before, and I was really excited by the prospect. I met her at a restaurant downtown. She had soup; I had coffee. The lady had always fantasized about dominating a man, and I had always wanted to be a woman's slave. We made arrangements for me to meet at her apartment a few days hence.

"It's never...as good as the first time."

Sade

When the day arrived, I drove to her apartment. It was in a high rise building in the middle of town. I don't remember the woman's name, but for some reason, I remember that her apartment number was 409. I brought a few female domination magazines and newspapers with me to show her. Her eyes grew large as she looked at them. "I thought this stuff was *illegal*", she said. Since she seemed to enjoy them so much, I think I gave her some of those magazines to keep.

As Sade's music played in the background, she quickly got down to business. She told me to undress. I have always worked out, and she was impressed with my body (I'm sure I was flexing and posing a little). She took my belt from its loops and put it around my neck to use as a makeshift leash. She had me crawl around the apartment after her, keeping my nose close to her ass. She sat on the sofa and had me lick and kiss her feet. I could tell that she was really getting into her role as slave trainer. After a while, she told me to crawl after her into the bedroom.

She lay back on the bed and directed me to eat her pussy. I licked her to several orgasms. I loved the way she told me exactly what to do and how to do it. Faster, slower, harder, softer, etc. Even at my young age, I appreciated a woman who could let me know how to please her. It's a

lot better than guessing and flying semi-blind. She didn't give a thought to my pleasure. She just wanted to be pleased. That was fine by me. Before I was dismissed, the lady had me kneel in the bathtub. That evening I was given the first of what would be many golden showers in my life.

I visited this lady a few more times. Our subsequent sessions were a lot like the first one. I sometimes wonder where she is now and if she is currently in a Mistress/slave type relationship. If I had to guess, I would say yes. Any woman who went to so much trouble and so much risk to fulfill her fantasies is pretty likely to be living her dreams in an age where things are much easier than in the dark ages of the early 1980s. After a few fun adventures, Ms. 409 and I drifted apart. I had a girlfriend at the time, and I was trying to muster the courage to break up with her so that I could pursue my femdom needs. Boy, was I surprised when my vanilla girlfriend discovered and embraced the joys and benefits of the female domination lifestyle! She would soon become my first full time Mistress. It would be years before I needed to use personals ads again.

Over the years, I have used every kind of personal ad except video dating with varying degrees of success. I've met quality women through all of them. There are different things you can learn about your potential Mistress from each source. Internet ads allow you to check out a lady's writing style. And you can see what she looks like if she includes a picture. Sometimes you

can tell a lot by the type of picture a woman chooses to use. I recently saw a profile posted by a lady in my area on one of the BDSM sites. She chose what is in my opinion, a very bizarre photo to accompany her ad. The picture was a neck to waist shot of her from the side. She was wearing a sweatshirt. Her hand was raising up the shirt an inch or two, and it was resting on her slightly distended belly. Is that supposed to attract anybody? A picture like that makes me think a person may be a little crazy. Print ads and internet ads let you see if someone can spell or form a coherent sentence. Things like that are important to me when I'm looking for a long term situation with a Mistress. Phone personals can tell you other things. You can learn a lot by listening to someone's voice. Grammar, diction, tone, and organization are all gleaned from the phone personals. I have actually heard profiles that went, "Yo what up? Dis ya girl Peaches online just lookin' for all them for real ass ni**as. I'm down for whatevah, so if you 'bout it 'bout it and you wanna hook up then hit me up", you're probably going to want to pass on her. I would. Actually, I did. The above is pretty much verbatim what I heard on a telephone personals profile.

There are a lot of advantages to using personal ads to find a Mistress. Personal ads are efficient. The internet age has seen a huge boom in personal ad sites. There are sites for people looking for dates and/or marriage, sites that specialize in certain ethnic groups, ones that cater to married people looking for flings, even sites that specialize in gold diggers and sugar daddies. If personal

ads are a useful tool for the general “vanilla” population, they are a thousand times more valuable to folks like us. It can be really difficult to tell if a given woman has Mistress potential just by looking at her. Let’s face it, not too many women are walking down the street wearing thigh high boots and carrying whips. At least they don’t do that where I live. For all you know, that cute chick who sold you a cup of coffee this morning is your perfect Mistress. But there is almost no way to find that out. You can’t just bring up the subject in casual conversation (“I’ll have the grande latte. And Miss? Could you pee in it please, and serve it to me in a dog dish?”) With personal ads, you have your message out there all the time. It’s working for you even when you’re asleep. With a bit of luck, interested women will see your ads and respond.

Some of the more popular BDSM sites are collarme.com, alt.com, and bondage.com. There are others as well. I am not recommending any particular sites. I say use them all. Some personal ad sites are free, and some charge fees. The advantage of a free site is obvious. The disadvantage is that there is nothing to discourage fakes and time wasters (Don’t be that guy!). And there are a lot of those. A site that charges to respond to advertisements will probably not attract as many people who are not sincere. I suggest that you answer the profiles of ladies you would like to serve and that you place your own profiles so that ladies who are interested in you can contact you.

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Meeting a Mistress through the personals can be very different than meeting a lady through more conventional channels then later exploring the femdom lifestyle together. When you meet a lady through a mutual friend, a fix-up, at work or school, or even in a bar, you usually find out all the vanilla things about each other first. You are probably around the same age and attractiveness level. When you answer and place BDSM personals, some of those elements can be completely reversed. For good or bad, when you and your potential Mistress meet via personal advertisement, you are going to know a lot about each other's sexual and BDSM interests early on. You'll know if she is bisexual and into chastity devices and enemas before you know what her favorite movie is.

Large age disparities tend to be more common in alternative relationships than in more conventional ones. It is not at all unusual to see a very young woman with a slave who is old enough to be her father or grandfather. Maitresse Alexandre of Paris, France is a middle aged professional and lifestyle dominatrix. Many photographs and videos of her feature a handsome slave who appears to be at least twenty years her junior. Race barriers are more easily crossed. It is not at all unusual to see a black dominatrix with white slaves. Attractiveness in the BDSM world is not handled the same way it is in the vanilla world. Many times a very average looking man can find himself the slave of an absolute stunner. This is because the lady is more interested in slave service than she is in having a normal boyfriend. Sometimes the

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reverse is true. There are ladies in the femdom lifestyle who are considered by most to be physically average at best. Yet some of these women have stables of adoring slaves who may be very handsome men. The allure of these less than beautiful women comes from their inner power and confidence.

When placing and answering personal ads, there are many Dos and DON'Ts you should keep in mind.

DO put a picture with your ad. This is vital. A personal advertisement with a photo will get far more responses than one without a photo. There are so many profiles from submissive men out there that you have to find as many ways as possible to separate yours from the pack. Without a picture, you might as well not even run the ad. If you want to maintain some anonymity, you can shield your face or use a shot that is from the neck down. And make it a recent photo. If you're over forty, don't use your high school yearbook picture.

DON'T use pictures that have other people in the shot. I doubt those innocent bystanders want to be in your BDSM personals profile.

DON'T use a picture of your dick. As difficult as this may be for you to believe, nobody wants to see that. I recently browsed some profiles of male submissives on an alternative lifestyle site. I could not believe how many guys had posted disgusting pictures of their penises.

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DO be specific. State what your interests are. Give the ladies an idea of who you are and what it is that you are into.

DON'T be afraid to state what your limits are. If you are not open to a 24/7 Mistress/slave relationship or forced bi or cuckolding, or financial domination, that's okay. Don't bite off more than you can chew. You will only regret it later.

DO use correct spelling. DOMINATE is a verb. DOMINANT is an adjective. If you can't spell, use a dictionary. Know the difference between YOUR/YOUR'RE, TOO/TO, THEIR/THEY'RE. I know there are some people who think that stuff doesn't matter. I can assure you however, that some Mistresses take spelling and grammar very seriously. And I don't blame them. You should have learned that stuff in the fourth grade.

When answering a lady's profile

DO...READ IT! Follow her instructions. If she says send a picture, send one. Again, unless she asks for it, DO NOT send a picture of your dick!!!

DO NOT waste her time. You know damn well that you are not going to become the 24/7 slave of a woman who lives a thousand miles away. It's okay to send a brief

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note complimenting her, but it is NOT okay to jerk her around.

DO treat her like a human being. Be polite and appropriate in all correspondence.

DON'T go right into a detailed and graphic dissertation of your sexual fantasies. There will be plenty of time for that later.

DO let a lady to know what you can and cannot do (and what you will and will not do) and what your limits and experiences are. This is a big one. No matter how you meet your Mistress, you should be willing and able to express your desires. A good friend of mine, Mistress Pam told me that she can't stand it when a submissive man can't tell her what he's into.

Mistress Pam: "So, you into corporal punishment?"

Potential slave: "I dunno."

Mistress Pam: "Well, what are you into?"

Potential slave: "I don't know."

Mistress Pam: "Is there anything you've fantasized about."

Potential slave: "I don't know. I just want to do whatever you want to do."

Mistress Pam: "AAAARRRRGGGHHH!!!!"

When a man tells a Mistress that he'll do anything or that she can do anything she wants to him, he is lying.

Whether he knows it or not, he is not being truthful. So before you get into any actual femdom scenes or

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activities, get in touch with your needs, desires, and fears. It's okay to tell a dominant woman what you're into. That's not topping from the bottom. It's just communicating honestly. I promise you, your lady will appreciate it. She may be dominant, but she probably wants to make your fantasies come true as well. You can help her do that by letting her know what they are.

DO NOT send money to someone you have never met. If someone asks you for money, they are scamming you.

DO beware of fake dominas looking for money (See above). I can respect a professional dominatrix who is upfront and honest about what she does. I resent however, women who place ads on personals sites who are insincere. They pretend that they are looking for someone in this lifestyle, when what they are really looking for is a quick buck.

DO NOT use your computer at work to cruise BDSM sites. Wait until you get home. BDSM is not worth getting fired over.

DO be patient. These ladies get a lot of emails from men. If she doesn't get back to you as fast as you would like.....

DON'T send her nasty, insulting messages. She will probably get back to you as soon as she can. If she doesn't, let it go.

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DO be honest. Don't send fake requests for advice when all you're looking for is free wank material. If you want advice, there are message boards online for that. Most of the BDSM personals sites have them.

DO NOT send messages to a Mistress pretending to be someone else. You might think it's clever to disguise yourself as a woman who is releasing her slave and looking for another Mistress to take him. I assure you, it is not. Any woman with a three digit IQ will see right through that crap.

DO NOT send her bull crap stories. For some ridiculous reason, there are scores of submissive men who think it's an effective strategy to tell prospective Mistresses that their last Mistress was recently killed in an auto accident. Ms. M, the lady I currently serve has gotten that same silly email more times than she can count. She's read about fatal auto accidents involving dominant women so many times that she is considering giving up driving altogether.

DO take time to send the lady a personalized message.

DO NOT send off some generic mass email. They hate that. And anyway, how many Mistresses are you contacting? Be realistic. In your area there will likely only be a few who fit your needs and you theirs. So take the time to let her know you see her as a real person and not just a love doll with a whip.

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After making initial contact, I suggest being patient, but not too patient. Some people, men and women, dominant and submissive tend to drag their feet and waste time. After a couple of messages on the site, exchange real email addresses, then phone numbers. After a couple of telephone conversations, set up a face to face meeting. There is no set formula for how long this process should take, but you'll know when it becomes excessive. If someone is calling and emailing for weeks and weeks and weeks, if they keep coming up with one excuse after another whenever you try to set up a face to face, they're probably playing games. Even a submissive man has to put his foot down sometimes. Let the lady know that you want to meet... and soon. If she refuses, let her know that she can contact you again when she's ready to meet, but that you are not looking for a phone relationship. She is wasting your time.

Choose a well lit public place for your first meeting. If a woman suggests you pick her up at her home for your first meeting, she is demonstrating very poor judgment. Don't do it. Insist on meeting at a coffee shop or someplace similar. Be on time. Be neatly but casually dressed. Shower before you get dressed. Don't overdo the cologne. Comb your hair and shave. Don't start right in with the sex talk (unless she does). Don't treat her any differently than you would any other lady. By that, I mean, don't treat her like some kind of nympho. Don't assume that all she's interested in is sex. Be a gentleman. A couple of years ago, there was a Saturday Night Live spoof of office sexual harassment videos. The recurring

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advice they gave to men to avoid sexual harassment lawsuits was, “Be handsome.” Good advice if you can do it.

“Women like silent men. They think they’re listening.”
Marcel Archard

Talk about various topics. Listen to what she has to say. At least *pretend* to listen. Dominant women are no different from other women. They love to talk. Actually dominant women can be worse than other women because they tend to have a lot of theories and philosophies about things. Many of these ladies are vegetarian or they’re into some fakakte new age religion. How you handle this is up to you. I don’t recommend being insincere. If you are a Christian, you don’t have to pretend to believe in reincarnation or karma just to get on a woman’s good side. She will probably respect you more for sticking to your own beliefs. And if she doesn’t, hasta la vista, baby. You don’t need her. I’m not saying you have to have a religious debate or argument at your first meeting, but you don’t have to give up your principles either.

Just because you are a gentleman, it doesn’t mean you have to keep the conversation a hundred percent vanilla from start to finish. It’s okay to move the conversation to female domination. But don’t be crass. You don’t want to say, “Gee, the food here is terrific. So, when you wanna start putting clothespins on my cock?” But if the date is going smoothly, you could say something like,

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“This is nice. I’m glad we have other things to talk about besides all the kinky things.” You will have subtly brought up the female domination topic, and the lady will likely pick up on it. Another thing you could say to move the conversation from straight vanilla to femdom is, “You’re even more beautiful in real life than in your kinkypeople.com pictures. I’m really glad I answered your profile”. Statements like that can get you out of the quagmire that is vanilla chit chat. Once the conversation moves to more interesting areas, tread lightly. Don’t be too graphic. If possible, let her take the lead. Try to remember the things she said she was interested in from her profile, telephone conversations, and emails.

When the date is over, if things went well, let the lady know you’d like to see her again. If things didn’t go all that great, be honest. Let her know that you had a nice time, but that you’re not really feeling a connection. Wish her luck and say good bye. If you get really lucky, and you might, the two of you may even finish up the evening at one of your houses or a hotel. It’s rare, but it happens. It’s happened to me a couple of times.

I once met a very sexy redheaded lifestyle dominatrix through the Sunday paper personals. She lived on the other side of the state. Because of this, we chose to get together in a city about halfway between us. We met at a restaurant, hit it off well, and we were attracted to each other. I liked her style of dominance right away. When she wanted to a stick of gum, she just looked me in the eyes while she held the pack. I recognized the unspoken order. I unwrapped a stick and gently placed it in her

mouth. She had me do other things like that as well. She had great dominatrix moves. After dinner, we hit a little bar. We got a little closer, and she started in with the classic dominatrix seduction move. She opened up a couple of buttons on my shirt and started teasing and torturing my nipples with her fingertips. As usual, it put me in a very excited and submissive state of mind.

Mistress Redhead picked up on that and suggested we hit a motel. I wasn't about to say no. We had a really nice first session that night. Through it all, she never let me forget who was in charge. I was instructed to loosen the straps on her high heeled shoes before removing them.

At the end of the evening, I dressed her and put her shoes back on for her. I loved the fact that she never lapsed into friendly, platonic patter. Even though we liked each other, she made it clear that I was there to serve her, and that was that. We were not going to be pals. Ms.

Redhead and I saw each other a few more times after our initial date, but the geographical distance was just too much. She was a lot of fun, though. Thinking back on it now, there were a few clues that make me think she was married, anyway. I highly recommend avoiding taking up with women who are cheating on their husbands.

Lest you think that it's been all smooth sailing for me, let me tell you that along with the hits I've had from the personals, there have also been some huge misses. I met some women I was not attracted to, and I met some who didn't care much for me. One time I had two dates in the same evening (Vinnie friggin' Barbarino*). The first girl, I just wasn't into. When I got home, I got a call

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from another girl who was answering a telephone personal ad I had going. We met at around midnight at a wild goth type club downtown. I really dug her, but it was obvious she was not into me. I never heard from her again. O for two that night. Another time I met a girl who described herself as beautiful. When I met her, she looked like Shaquille O'Neal. Another girl said she resembled Holly Robinson, the beautiful black chick who's now married to Rodney Peete, the NFL quarterback. That girl looked more like Rodney than Holly (I know that looks aren't everything, but there's a limit to everything). Another so called girl I met was a Samoan transsexual. No soup for you. NEXT!!! The thing I like about the personals is that a first date can go two ways. One is that you will hit it off with a new lady. The other is you'll at least have a funny story to tell.

*If you're too young to know who Vinnie Barbarino was, he was the character who made John Travolta famous on the 1970s TV show "Welcome Back Kotter".

CHAPTER 8

GAUGING A VANILLA WIFE OR GIRLFRIEND'S DOMINATRIX POTENTIAL

“What goes on in your mind?”

The Beatles

You might not believe it, but many of the women you already know may actually be dominatrixes under the surface. Some of these women don't even know it themselves. You may actually already know your dream Mistress. You just have to help her discover that Bitch Goddess dwelling within her. When I was in my teens, I thought that dominant women were fundamentally different from other women. I would have never imagined that some of the girls that I knew growing up, that lived in my neighborhood or who went to my school would ever be turned on by the idea of a man submitting to them and obeying their every command. When I think back on the girls I knew, I realize now that some of them did have such desires. I have no doubt that some of you guys reading this book have wives or girlfriends who would be the perfect Mistresses for you if the subject is brought up to them the right way. You already love her, think how much deeper that love would be if you could actually treat her like a princess every day.

When I was in college, there was this girl named Suzanne who I always thought was really cute. I never had a date

with her, but we got to be friends. I think that by the time I got up the nerve to ask her out, I already had a girlfriend. Suzanne used to love Madonna (in my opinion, the woman who has done more for women's sexual empowerment than anyone else in modern history). "She's my hero", she would declare anytime her name was mentioned. I remember Suzanne describing the man of her dreams. "I want worship!" How I could have been so obtuse is beyond me. I should have jumped at the chance to worship her. But I blew it.

When I was in high school, I took a class on science fiction literature. It was probably the best and most valuable class I ever took. Taught me how to think like an adult. Anyway, one time we had an assignment to get into groups and do some sort of project. Somehow I ended up in a group where I was the only boy among four or five girls. There was one girl in my group named Jennie who was a year ahead of me. She was a tall, solidly built black girl. I remember Jennie came up with the idea that our group should film a movie. I would play an astronaut who crash lands on a planet populated by all women. When I asked what would happen next, Jennie replied, "Then we can capture you and dog you!" It turned me on when she said that, but at that age, I was too afraid to admit that the idea appealed to me as much as it obviously did to Jennie. Her flashing eyes and bared teeth bespoke her dominant desires. We never did make that movie. I wish we had. If I could go back to that time (a la Uncle Rico in "Napoleon Dynamite"), I would

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be Jennie's slave for the rest of my high school career. That way she could "dog" me every day.

A few years later, I got lucky. Quite by accident, I finally learned that there is a dominatrix lying dormant in some of the women we meet in our everyday lives. In fact, a guy can be thoroughly shocked at how cruel and sadistic a girl he thought was totally vanilla can turn out to be. And sometimes the women can be surprised themselves at how turned on they can get by inflicting pain. Some women who never considered themselves dominant or sadistic can find out that they are quite the sadists. Always be on the lookout for these undercover Mistresses.



YOU MIGHT BE SURPRISED. IN A LOT OF SEEMINGLY VANILLA
WOMEN IS A DOMINATRIX JUST WAITING TO GET OUT.

SANDY

When I was a sophomore in college, a very popular girl who was in her senior year took a liking to me. We were in an English class together. As she would later reveal to me, one night Sandy had a dream about me. Yeah, *that* kind of dream. Sandy, quite the go getter, decided she was going to make that dream a reality. It wasn't so much that she was physically attracted to me, but something about me had piqued her curiosity. She would later tell me that there seemed to be some mystery about me. She was right. Sandy went to the teacher, Dr. Schiff and asked to be placed in the same group as me for a class project (Again with the class projects). Dr. Schiff had always been very fond of me. Sandy was also one of her favorite students. Dr. Schiff could think of nothing more amusing than getting the two of us together. Dr. Schiff, who had a serious Joan Rivers vibe, actually taught me the Yiddish word "yenta". That word fit her to a tee.

Sandy used our study sessions to get closer to me. She took the lead and asked me out. Pretty soon, we were going steady. This was my first adult relationship. Sandy had her own apartment and everything. I was only nineteen and still living at home. An interesting side note is about Sandy's then roommate. Janey was really into having her feet worshipped, and she was not a bit shy about telling any man who would listen. I remember thinking, "Damn, I got the wrong roommate!" This was pre "Seinfeld", so there was no such thing as the

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“roommate switch”. Janey was hot, too. One day Janey brought out a picture she had torn out of a “Cosmopolitan” magazine that showed a pajama clad man and woman in bed. The man had one of the smiling woman’s toes in his mouth. Janey said that she wanted to meet a man who would do that for her. I was really turned on by Janey’s assertiveness. “Jokingly”, I told her I would gladly recreate that Cosmo picture. Janey took off her shoe, and I gave her big toe a playful nibble. “Oh, my God, I want to have your children!” Janey gushed. Sandy was a little pissed at me for having done that, but I couldn’t help myself.

Sandy and I dated for a long time. She had many attributes, good and bad, that would suggest good dominatrix potential. She was very smart. She was a master manipulator. She was vain and an absolute libertine. She was self centered and often petty. Definitely a pragmatist. And she had size five feet. At the shoe store, she could try on the shoes that were on display. No need to wait for a salesperson to get a pair in her size. Although she would occasionally admit to certain insecurities, deep down, she had a rock solid self confidence. She could take on and master almost any challenge.

“I guess you’re just what I needed.”

The Cars

At that time, I never pegged her as a dominatrix. If anything, I thought she was more the submissive type. I realized that I would never be happy in a regular vanilla boyfriend/girlfriend type relationship. I decided that I was going to break up with her. Before I actually went through with it, Sandy had another dream that would result in major changes in my life. This time the dream was about her walking me on a leash like a pet. That started a conversation that led to me abandoning any thoughts of breaking up with her. I wish I could remember exactly what was said, but I can’t. By the end of it, though, I had confessed, for the first time, my submissive needs to a girl I had met through purely vanilla circumstances. Until now, the only people I had ever spoken to about these things had been the young lady I met through a personal advertisement, the folks I met in the BDSM club on the other side of town that had opened and shortly thereafter closed, and the two or three ladies I had paid to dominate me. It was like an awakening. Here I was talking to my girlfriend, a chick I met in an English class, about female domination and S and M.

We started off with relatively mild activities. She had me lie down on the floor. She lightly rubbed her feet over my body. Sandy did her first trampling, with bare feet at first and while wearing spiked heels a little later. She grabbed one of my ties from the closet and looped it

around my neck to use as a leash. She had me crawl around on the floor after her.

We talked about a lot of things. I had known this girl for more than two years, but this was the first time that I was completely honest with her. At first she didn't believe everything I was telling her. About a year earlier, she said that she had read in the newspaper about an S/M club that used to operate in town. She was under the impression that the club used to abduct unwilling victims off the street, drag them off and torture them. At the time, I made no comment. Now I told her that she had heard wrong. I had been to that club, and it was terrific. There was nothing going on against anyone's will. All participants were not only voluntarily there, they all had to pay the cover charge to get in. Abducted? Hell, I had to talk my way in! Sandy and I took a trip to the local adult book store. I had been going to this store since I was in high school. It was in fact, located only about six blocks from the high school I had attended. We picked up some female domination publications. At that time, Corporal, Dominant Mystique, and Lashes were some of the more popular female domination magazines and papers. Sandy was fascinated with the stories and pictures. Her eyes lit up when she saw Countess Anne, the publisher of Lashes, pressing her bare foot on a man's penis. I think she appreciated the symbolism of a woman's high heeled shoe resting on a man's genitals.

Sandy soon informed me that I would be in charge of all housework. When, where, and how often we had sex

would be determined by her alone. She very much liked the idea of having me give her oral sex, then her sending me to sleep with a hard dick and blue balls. She especially liked to shove me down to the foot of the bed so that she could use my body as a footrest. She used her feet and legs to stroke my frustrated hard on while she lay back in satisfied comfort.

Sandy did not need to be handled with kid gloves. She was smart and perceptive. She was also quite daring. We attended several fetish events together, both locally and out of town. We got her a pair of thigh high boots that she wore proudly. Sandy comfortably slid into the role of Mistress. Soon she told me that if I was not willing to obey her fully, at all times, that I could leave and never return. I submitted fully.

At the time I was pleasantly surprised at the dramatic changes in Sandy's personality and behavior. The experienced submissive that I am today however, would readily recognize the personality characteristics in her that would have suggested strong dominatrix potential. It all seems so obvious now. Way before we ever had any conversations about female domination, she told me that she would prefer it if I was always naked around the apartment whenever we were alone. She even told her friends that she had me naked at home at all times. The girls were thrilled. One of her classmates commented that she would have to arrange to have a "little naked boy running around" herself. Early on in our relationship, Sandy told me she enjoyed having her ass kissed. When

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I kissed her ass cheeks, she told me that wasn't what she meant. She taught me how to do analingus. I used to spend lots of time with my face buried in her ass while she lay comfortably on her stomach. One time her sister's boyfriend and I were doing some sort of work around her sister's place. He and I were doing the after dinner dishes or something like that. Sandy sat back and said, "It warms my heart to see boys working."

Sandy enjoyed a double standard in our relationship. It started when she ran into some guy she knew from high school. The guy was thrilled to see her. He invited Sandy to a Prince concert. She told me that it would just be platonic and that she wanted to go. I wouldn't have a problem with that, would I? Even though I knew she would never allow me to go on any "platonic" dates, I agreed not to make a fuss about it. I'm sure she didn't have sex with the guy, but with that date she had set a precedent.

After college Sandy joined the service. As part of her training to become a lieutenant, she had to spend several weeks away from home. While she was out of town, Sandy began seeing a fellow serviceman. She met this man at a military social event. This second lieutenant was at the party with his fiancé from back home. Sandy was there alone. When the fiancé saw Sandy, she was surprised by how much more attractive she was than most of the other female soldiers. "Wow, you're so beautiful", the fiancé said. "Yeah!" her boyfriend

agreed. The fiancé struck him on his shoulder and gave him a displeased look. Sandy filed all this away for future reference.

A couple of months later, Sandy told me all about how she had cheated on me with that man all summer. It wasn't so much a confession as it was a dissertation. When I got mad and told her it was over between us, she dismissed what I was saying with a wave. "I can keep you both", she casually informed me. She was right. After the incident with his fiancé, Sandy knew she had Lieutenant Mickey right where she wanted him. They began going out and spending nights at a local hotel. At first, she deluded herself into thinking that she was going to remain semi-faithful to me. She refused to have sex with Mick. While she slept on the bed, she made him bed down on the floor. It wouldn't be long, however, before they became lovers. He had a car, so she took that over. He had to ask her to use it rather than the other way around. Once when she had overdrawn her checking account, she marched into his quarters, told him that she didn't want to hear any crap from him. They were going to the bank so that he could withdraw funds from his account to give to her so that she could cover the bounced checks. He obeyed. When she expressed her displeasure over all the time and money he spent on his fiancé, he told her that she had no right to talk. She was getting daily letters from her boyfriend back home. She refused to see him again until he apologized. He did. At that point, she informed him that all his time and money were to be devoted to her. She was not going to

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take his fiancé's leftovers. In her presence, Sandy made Lieutenant Mickey call this woman on the phone. While Sandy smugly listened in, Lieutenant Mickey broke his fiancé's heart by telling her that it was over between them.

In the end, Sandy did not keep us both. Her military duties required that she move to another state, and the distance between us gave me the courage I needed to tell her it was over between us. I did not want to marry her, as she had suggested. And I definitely was not interested in having children. I still wonder what she meant by keeping us both. Did she envision all three of us living in a house together with her being married to one of us? And how would the military view such an unconventional relationship? No matter. It was not to be. I decided that I was going to remain in the Midwest, finish my education, and find a Mistress closer to home.

A lot of women who have interests and fantasies of female domination would never go to a fetish event or answer a personal advertisement. Believe it or not, there are quite a few women who would absolutely love this lifestyle, but they don't even know it. Many people, men and women think that domination and submission is all about "whips and chains". The fact is many aspects of the female domination lifestyle have very little in common with sadism and masochism. It's not all about black leather and punishment. Female domination can be more like an exaggeration or intensification of courting and romance. This is where the philosophies and

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teachings of the great ladies Elise Sutton and Lady Misato come in.

“Guy asked me, who was that lady I saw you with last night? I told him that was no lady. That was my wife.”
Henny Youngman

Elise Sutton is a female supremacist author. She has a website (Elisesutton.com), and she has authored two books on the female dominant lifestyle. There is some controversy regarding the identity of Ms. Sutton. There are many people who claim that there is no such person. That she is a fictitious figurehead like Betty Crocker. Maybe that doesn't even matter. In George Orwell's 1984, when Winston Smith asks his interrogator, O'Brien if Big Brother exists in the same way that he, Winston Smith exists, he is told, "You do not exist". Whether Elise is a real person or a fictitious entity (I choose to believe she is a real person who values her privacy), the advice on her website and in her books is rock solid.

Elise focuses not so much on guys looking for a woman to serve as she does on couples already in marriages or committed relationships, although she does have some advice for single men too. Her recurring message for men is to serve and submit to their ladies without expecting much in the way of kinky play in return. Some people have dubbed this technique "stealth submission". I can definitely endorse this strategy, especially as a good place to start. After you have used this method for a while though, you are going to have to come clean with

your lady. You are going to need for her to know what your motives are, and you are going to need her to actively dominate you. After a while, you're probably going to need some kind of reinforcement. Sure, we can scrub the kitchen floor for our lady. But if her reaction is a kind of confused gratitude, it's not going to encourage us to keep it up when what we really need is a woman who is going to order us to do this or that and reward or punish us according to the performance of our duties. Ms. Sutton encourages communication with one's lady, but she discourages pressuring her to take on the role of whip wielding dominatrix. Her books and website include lots of success stories from real life couples who have written to her. I know for sure that at least some of these accounts are true because I once wrote to her, and she published my email on her website.

What I really like about Elise Sutton's philosophy is that it is all about female dominance within a loving framework. I can tell you from experience that there is nothing as sweet as that. Sex with love is better than just sex, and female dominant eroticism along with love is as good as it gets. Elise encourages honest discussion in relationships and the sharing of mutual desires. Many married guys struggle with their infidelity. They rationalize and come up with all sorts of justifications for seeing professional dominatrixes even though they're married. Some of these guys seem to have deeper feelings for their Mistresses than they do their wives. I have personally known quite a few guys who went this route. Some of these men got out of one vanilla marriage

only to enter into another, even though what they really wanted and needed was something quite different. Elise believes in marriage, but female dominant marriage. She is a Christian, and her understanding of the Bible is that it is completely compatible with loving female authority.

One thing that guys have to keep in mind is that the “stealth” method requires a great ability on the part of a submissive man subordinate his own needs, at least for a while. Most of us will never be satisfied with a woman who passively accepts our servitude. Most of us anyway, need a lady who is more commanding. We need women who will set standards and actually *train* us to be the slaves they require. If a guy is going to use the stealth technique, I think he needs a few more strategies if he is going really to seduce the dominatrix out of his wife or girlfriend. If you read through Elise Sutton’s books and sites, you will find several of the strategies that other men have used successfully to reach the Mistress within their wives. There is a lot of material in her books and on her site. When you read her stuff, you get the message that you are not alone. Female dominance is natural, it’s desirable, and it is a growing societal trend. Elise actually believes that the destiny of the human race is female supremacy. And she has the data to back it up. When you are on her site, you may become a believer. You will definitely be among friends.

Ms. Sutton’s books are the kind of resources you can go back to over and over again. In them you will find the real life stories of dozens of female dominant couples.

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Pretty much every aspect of this lifestyle is covered. It is a relatively easy matter to find accounts of people who are doing things you are interested in doing. Ms. Sutton even adds her own commentary as well as cautions regarding risky activities.

Elise Sutton gives men specific examples of the things they can do to serve their wives or girlfriends. She says that a man should do housework, buy flowers and gifts, cook and clean. Ms. Sutton suggests that men massage their wives' feet and legs in the evenings. She says that men should adopt a servile and selfless attitude. We should do everything we can to make the lives of our ladies comfortable and pleasurable.

If you are going to try to seduce the domina out of your lady, there is an important thing to keep in mind. You had better be ready when she does decide to test her dominatrix wings. When your lady gives you a command or displays dominance in any way, even if you are busy or preoccupied or just plain not in the mood, you had better not show it. Respond with enthusiasm. Encourage her. Do not shut her down. Back in the eighties, I bought a handbook for slaves that was written by the great Countess Anne. In that book, the Countess advised guys not to fall into the "Not now, dummy" trap. For whatever reason, often a lady will take her first baby domination steps at times and in places that may seem awkward or strange. She may catch you completely off guard. Don't blow it. If and when your wife or girlfriend decides to try out a little female domination,

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the worst thing you can do is make her feel foolish. If you do that, she may never again explore female domination again. And you will regret it.

I know for a fact that Elise Sutton's strategies can work. Years before Ms. Sutton ever wrote a book, before the invention of the internet, my good friend Tim was laying the groundwork for a female dominant/cuckold relationship that is still going strong twenty years later. Tim is a good looking guy with dark hair and an athletic build. His wife Anna is a slim, gorgeous brunette. They have a marriage and family that every man who wants a "normal" life as well as female domination should strive for.

Tim and Anna's life together is the best real life female domination story I have ever seen or even heard of. I met them at a fetish party several years ago. Like everyone else who encounters them, I was instantly impressed with their energy, enthusiasm, and their passion for each other.

Tim and Anna met at a party in college. Anna didn't think much of Tim at the time. She actually thought he was a bit of a goofball. A little while later, they saw each other at a bar. There was a guy there who was trying to pick up Anna. Anna was not interested. Since she knew him, she asked Tim if he would pretend to be her boyfriend so that the other guy would leave her alone. Tim agreed. Soon, they weren't pretending.

Once they started dating, Tim began treating Anna like a princess. Anna never questioned why Tim was doing the things he was doing. She knew she liked it, and that was good enough for her. As they got to know each other, Tim was impressed with a lot of things about Anna. For one thing, she is very easy on the eyes. Anna's adorable now, so I can only imagine how cute she must have been in college. She was smart and affectionate, and she was a genuinely nice person. Tim decided to find out if she also shared the kinks he had been aware of in himself since he was five years old.

Tim's bio is almost identical to mine. When he was just a little boy, he always got turned on by images of women dominating men in movies and on TV. Just like me, the female supremacist races from other planets, the tribes of jungle women who kidnapped men, and of course the great Catwoman were his fantasy women. He also recognized that there was a common element in all of these characters. By the time he was a teenager, Tim knew what female domination was, and he knew that he needed it.

Tim never had any problems getting girls. Whenever he was making out with a young lady, he would try to subtly interject submissive acts into the session. He was never shy about massaging a girl's feet. If the girl responded favorably, he would place a subtle kiss on her toe. If the girl smiled or gave any indication of pleasure, Tim would up the ante, and soon he would be full out worshipping the lady's feet. If, instead of indicating pleasure, the girl

pulled away or grimaced, Tim would pretend that he was only joking, and he'd cross that girl off his list.

By the time he was nineteen years old, Tim had become expert at this technique. When he tried it out on Anna, she responded just as he'd hoped. She was enthusiastic and very turned on. Within a couple of months, Anna was exploring her considerable female domination desires that were no longer dormant. She used to turn over a spare bunk bed in her dorm room, handcuff Tim inside this makeshift cage, cover it with blankets, and go to class. That was only the beginning.

As I write this, just last night, Ms. M and I went to a big fetish event with our favorite couple, Tim and Anna. Coincidentally, last night was the twentieth anniversary of their first date. They have been married for thirteen years. Tim and Anna's love and passion for each other extends to their two children too. On their sons' birthdays, Tim will swing into the party dressed as Spider-Man or Batman. The kids are always disappointed that dad always seems to get to the party just a few minutes after their favorite superhero has made his dramatic exit. I know that Elise Sutton would be proud to know Tim and Anna. They personify her philosophy.

Several books on female domination have tried to find common attributes in women who have dominatrix potential. One I have seen many times is that a lot of dominant women tend to be nurses. I've found that to be

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true. One other common trait I have noticed in dominant women is in their eyes. For some reason, a lot of dominant women tend to have one eye that is a little off center. Don't laugh. I'm telling you, it's true. Check out full face pictures of dominatrixes on the web and see how many have one eye looking right at you and one that's looking off to one side a bit. Like Spinderella from the rap group Salt n' Pepa.

Women who appear overly assertive or aggressive are not always closet dominatrixes, though. In fact, I have found that women who appear angry and argumentative are often sexually submissive. Sexually dominant women are usually very even tempered and of a calm demeanor. Many times, they give no outward indication that behind closed doors they are dominant and even sadistic.

"Cleanup time."

John Lennon

Lady Misato is the author of a website called Real Women Don't Do Housework. This site is an interesting read for men, but the information and advice is aimed primarily at women. The focus is on women maintaining and increasing the power they hold at the beginning of a relationship. When a man and woman first meet, a man will do almost *anything* to please. This is because woman holds the keys to sex (I have the pussy, so I make the rules). As soon as a woman gives a man sex, she gives away all her power. The man begins to take her for

granted. He is less desperate now. He no longer treats her as a queen. He stops worshipping her. He begins to take her for granted. And the lady accepts this sad change as inevitable. Lady Misato claims that this change is *not* inevitable. She teaches that a wise woman will keep a man on edge all the time. If she is smart, a woman can be courted and treated like a goddess for life. A man will do anything, including all the mundane tasks, including housework if a woman will only follow her principles. I am in complete agreement with Lady Misato.

“An exhaustive study of police records shows that no woman has ever shot her husband while he was doing the dishes.”

Earl Wilson

Before I ever heard of Lady Misato, I had stumbled onto some of her principles. I hadn't formulated all the conditioning techniques that Ms. Misato has laid out. I had however, recognized that it is only in our lifestyle that the most mundane things can become sexual. Only within a framework of dominance and submission can doing dishes or scrubbing floors become foreplay. Just try it. Do some household task for your lady. See if it doesn't give you a thrill when you think about what her reaction will be. If you are not in a relationship, do something for a woman you know. On a rainy day, give a woman your umbrella. If you see a lady scraping the ice from her windshield, offer to do it for her. Don't be overbearing or creepy about it. Be as non-threatening

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and charming as you can be. You might be surprised to find how good it will make you feel.

“Hello...Baby, hello.”

Elton John

I absolutely concur with Ms. Sutton and Lady Misato. There are millions of women who would be delighted to have a man serving them and waiting on them hand and foot. The female domination lifestyle would be a perfect fit for a lot of women, but they don't know it. Someone has to introduce these ladies to it. And it has to be done just right. If you do it properly, and things go well, you can end up happier and more fulfilled than you could imagine. There is nothing as wonderful as being in a female dominant relationship and in love. But it can be tricky to make that happen. If things go badly, you can end up embarrassed and sorry you ever brought up the subject. Introducing a “vanilla” woman to female domination has to be done with extreme caution. It requires a LOT of patience, something we men don't usually have in abundance. We want what we want, and we want it now. There are two kinds of women whose femdom potential you may need to test out. The first is a new woman you're dating. The second is a woman with whom you are already in a relationship, your wife or girlfriend.

There are a lot of creative and sly ways to gauge and nurture the Mistress potential in your wife or a lady you're dating. There are also a lot of dangerous pitfalls

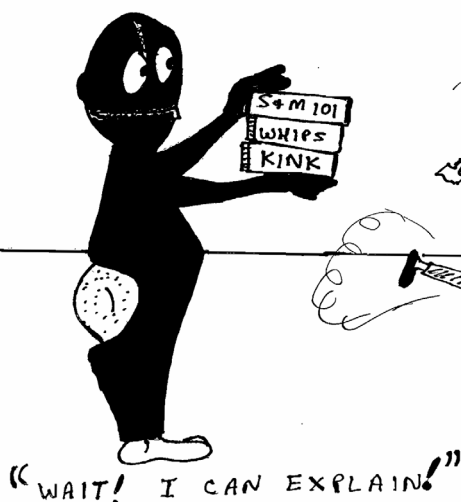
to avoid. Most of the pitfalls fall under the category of too much too soon. It can be incredibly frustrating to have submissive desires yet not have a Mistress. It can make a guy desperate. Even though we may have the best of intentions, our enthusiasm can screw everything up if we're not careful. Don't jump in with both feet unless you and your lady have had a lot of discussions.

I can definitely recommend that you do not just hand the lady a copy of a hardcore SM book. You might lose a woman and a book. Later, if and when she's ready, if and when she's expressed an interest in female domination, you can think about giving her some reading material. Please, unless and until you have laid a lot of groundwork, do not just give your wife or girlfriend a copy of "Venus in Furs" or anything from the Marquis De Sade or "Screw The Roses, Send Me The Thorns" or anything else along those lines. Those are all great books, but giving them to a newbie would be like giving a porterhouse to an infant. She can't digest that yet. At this point, Elise Sutton and Lady Misato are even too heavy. I recommend them as good introductory materials that can be referenced throughout a budding domina's evolution. But not yet. Even such female friendly material can scare a woman off if introduced too soon. The aforementioned books and others are great educational tools, and they may be exciting reads. "Venus in Furs" pretty much set the template for the submissive male/dominant female relationship. But it's definitely not for the uninitiated woman. Please do not show her femdom adult videos. Unless she's really

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ready, and she probably isn't, they will freak her out. If you have some leather gear and dungeon toys, now is not the time to show them to her. She may likely head for zee hills.

HOW **NOT** TO INTRODUCE
A LADY TO FEMALE DOMINATION



WTV

Here are some things I *do* recommend. Make a wager with her and lose. Choose a game the two of you like to play. Scrabble, chess, pinball, foosball, darts, whatever. Go to a bar that has a pool table, and challenge her to a

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game of eight ball. Bet on a football or basketball game. “Just to make things interesting”, you can make the stakes of the bet that the loser has to serve the winner breakfast in bed or cook dinner or something like that. Or maybe the loser has to do everything the winner says for twenty-four hours. If you’ve got the guts, make it forty-eight hours. If you’re really ballsy, use the word slave. The loser has to be the winner’s personal slave for the prescribed time period. **MAKE SURE YOU LOSE.** If you’re a much better pool or chess player, give her a handicap so that you don’t make it too obvious you’re throwing the game. But whatever you do, lose.

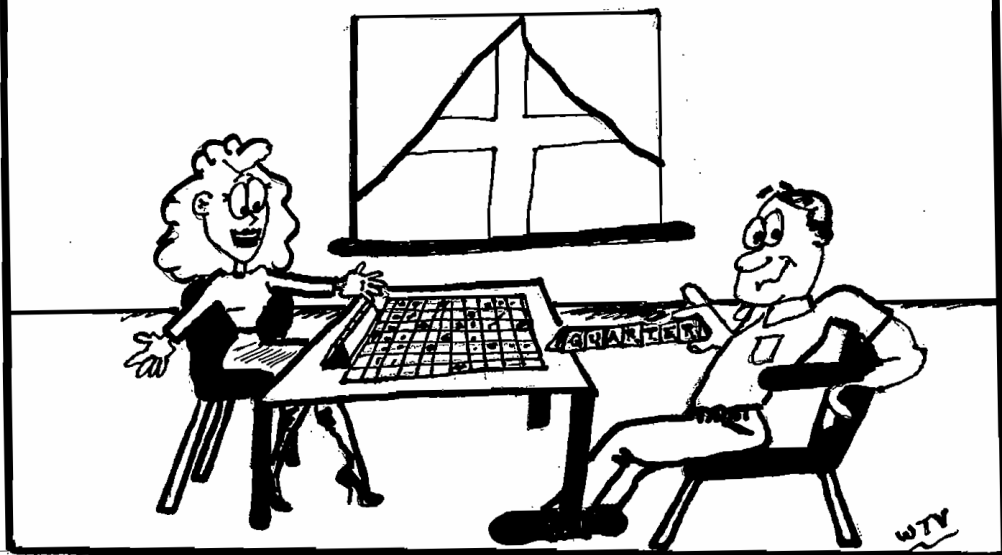
Take your loss in good humor. Have fun with it. Immediately start doing little things for her. Have a smile on your face and in your heart. Once you have her smiling and laughing, it’s an easy road to get a woman to sexy. Cut up her food, wipe the corners of her mouth with a napkin. Massage her feet while she eats or watches television. Serve her favorite breakfast to her in bed. Act like you’re enjoying yourself as you serve her. Cut up her food. Maybe even feed her. Smile, kiss her, make her really love what you’re doing. Once in a while, when she asks you to do something for her, say something like, “Yes, my queen”, or “Your wish is my command”, or “Whatever the princess desires”. If she can’t come up with things for you to do for her, you come up with something. Do some housework for her. Run her a bubble bath. Help her on and off with her shoes and coat. Really play it up. Make the whole experience fun. This is the first step in demonstrating to

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your wife or girlfriend the advantages of the female dominant lifestyle. After your twenty four hours are up, continue to serve her. She will do one of two things. She will either accept your continuing service and enjoy it, or she'll point out that the bet is over and you can stop. If she does tell you that you can stop, just smile and tell her that you've discovered that you *like* being her slave and that you don't want to stop. Most women will be thrilled to hear this. If she asks what she can do in return, tell her that she can continue to let you serve her. She might not believe you one hundred percent, but she is probably going to be willing to at least take the ride as far as it will go.

You are now at a critical juncture. Your lady no doubt loves having her feet massaged. She loves being served her coffee or breakfast in bed. She enjoys being treated like a princess. Most women do. But that's a fantasy most girls give up in childhood. Unless your lady is a beauty pageant winner, she probably hasn't worn a tiara since she was eight years old. It's now up to you to awaken the sleeping princess that is within her. She's having fun, sure, but she's suspicious. Now is the time to follow the Elise Sutton method. But you have the advantage that you've already told the lady that you love serving her. It came from a fun date, from a game. She's experienced you on your best behavior. If you play it right, you can turn this into a full time position of servitude.

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“YOU CAN’T MAKE ANY MORE WORDS? WOW! I CAN’T BELIEVE
I WON! I NEVER BEAT YOU AT SCRABBLE BEFORE.
I GUESS THAT MEANS YOU HAVE TO BE MY SLAVE FOR THE
NEXT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS!”

Earlier I mentioned my girlfriend from college who became my first full time Mistress. I didn't use the losing a bet strategy with her, but that plan was successfully used on a friend of hers. My college girlfriend had a classmate named Roxie in graduate school who became a Mistress that way. There was a guy she had known since childhood. Nice guy. Smart guy. But he wasn't cool or athletic or especially good looking. He had loved Roxie for years, but she didn't feel the same way about him. He hung around for years and accepted his status in the Friend Zone, but he wanted more. One day, he and Roxie were playing backgammon. This guy suggested that the loser had to obey anything the winner said for the rest of the weekend. Even though this guy was a very good backgammon player and Roxie wasn't, somehow Roxie ended up winning the game. By the end of the weekend, Roxie had become hooked on being served and treated like a queen. And the guy she never considered dating seriously...she married him. As far as I know, many years later, he is still paying off a bet he "lost". Last I heard, they were both very happy with their arrangement.

Turning on a vanilla woman to female dominance takes a lot of patience. It might take a long time before your wife or girlfriend begins to accept your service as her due. You are going to have to be on our best behavior for a long time. You can do it! Continue to do housework for her. Act as her valet. Try your best to channel Sir Walter Raleigh. Whenever possible, don't let

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her lift a finger for herself. Remember to make these gestures romantic and fun. Don't get creepy. Be super affectionate. Kiss her more. Stroke her. Be really generous in bed. Eat her for as long as she can stand it. Kiss her and lick her everywhere, and I do mean everywhere. When it seems she can't take any more, hold her and let her fall asleep that way. Let her feel that you are as aroused as you can get, but that you're willing to let her pleasure be enough for you.

You don't necessarily have to use the strategy of losing a bet. There are other ways to subtly bring up the idea of female domination. If the comedienne Judy Tenuta ever appears in your town, take your lady to see her. Judy's stand-up is filled with blatant female domination references and actions. It's all done in the name of humor, and it's very fun for the ladies. Judy calls herself a Goddess. She spits out her gum at a male member of the audience and tells him to "crawl for it". She refers to all her male fans as pigs. She tells them all to worship her. Sometimes she will ride on the back of a male audience member as if he were a horse. If Judy's show doesn't give you some ideas on how to introduce female domination to your lady, I don't know what will.

You can pick a movie for the two of you to watch that you know has a scene that is compatible with femdom. There are lots of them. A favorite of mine is the aforementioned "Saving Silverman". If your lady has the slightest interest or potential in this lifestyle, this movie should reveal it. Scan the science fiction channels for a

movie that has a femdom theme. Or choose an episode of “Star Trek” or “Lost in Space” dealing with males serving females. There was even an episode of the 1970s sitcom “Laverne and Shirley” in which Squiggy was dating a way out of his league six foot blond. She had Squiggy eating out of her hand. After receiving some orders from her, Squiggy said, “Thank you for taming me”. If the old “Batman” series plays in your town, be on the lookout for that Marsha, Queen of Diamonds episode or one of the Julie Newmar/Catwoman episodes (The Eartha Kitt episodes weren’t quite as good. For whatever reason, when Eartha played Catwoman, the character was written as more evil and angry than sexy). Whenever one of the ladies on TV overtly displays her dominance, you can subtly show your approval. A low whistle or a whispered “wow” will probably get your lady’s attention. If she gets a little peeved and asks you if you like what you’re seeing or if you like the woman on the screen, you can reply, “Well, I wouldn’t mind if *you* wanted to do that.”

Chances are pretty good that she will take you up on it. If not the first time, then on the second or third. She’ll at least want to see how far you’re willing to go to back up such a bold statement. So show her. Do all the things you’d do if you lost a bet to her. Keep it up for as long as your lady will let you. Now you can start using the Elise Sutton techniques.

You can, as Elise Sutton suggests, simply begin serving your lady without any sort of pretext. Using the game,

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however, will give you a bit of a bridge from vanilla to servitude. Whatever method you use, keep in mind that you want your lady to

1. Accept that you want to serve her.
2. Expect your servitude.
3. Demand your servitude.

I can't overstress the importance of being patient with a woman you are trying to introduce to the joys of being served. Do things that will demonstrate the benefits of the female dominant lifestyle to her. Bring her flowers and little gifts. They don't have to be expensive. You can get her a custom made T-shirt or coffee mug with her picture or nickname on it. Offer to be her driver for a girls' night out with her friends. Chauffeur her to a club; let the girls hang out, dance and drink, even flirt. When you pick up your lady later that night, she will probably be so happy and energized that you'll have the best sex the two of you have ever had.

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CHAPTER 9

STEPPING IT UP

Once a lady has gotten used to being treated like a queen, I recommend giving her a book. Not a hardcore BDSM book. I recommend giving her one of Gena Thomashauer's books. Ms. Thomashauer goes by the much easier to spell name Mama Gena. And she's here to spread the gospel of pleasure to women. She has a website (Mamagena.com) that outlines her philosophy, advertises her books, and provides information regarding her upcoming conferences and classes. Mama Gena really espouses a message of female dominance, but instead of dressing it up in black leather and spikes, she wraps it all up in a pink feather boa.

Mama Gena preaches to women that men truly want to make them happy. Men live to make women happy. Really. As hard as that is for most women to believe, men want to make them happy. But men can't do that unless women let men know what they want. And women can't tell men what they want until they get in touch with their own feelings and desires and admit to themselves what it is that they want. The problem is that women are so used to putting everyone else's needs ahead of their own, that they almost never get their own needs and desires met. I am a huge believer in Mama Gena. I gave a couple of her books to Ms. M and I have given "Mama Gena's Owner's and Operator's Guide to

Men” to several women who I thought would benefit from reading it. Ms. M considers it her Bible. Whenever she feels off her square, Ms. M goes back to Mama Gena for reinforcement. And she always comes away feeling much better. Within twenty-four hours of immersing herself in the words of Mama Gena, magical things begin happening for her.

It doesn’t take long, either. Remember the Club Pedestal party mentioned in chapter six? To their surprise, the ladies from Scarlet magazine, after just a few hours in an atmosphere of male submission and servitude at Club Pedestal, found that men outside the club wanted to serve them as well. The Scarlet article described a residual effect that the ladies experienced after the party was over. On her way home that night and all the next day, the author of the article noticed an amazing phenomenon. Although the party was over and she wasn’t consciously doing anything to elicit it, men she encountered were doing little extra things for her. The cab drivers carried her bags and men immediately gave up their subway seats so that she could sit down.

Ms. M refers to that phenomenon as “domme buzz”. The first time she felt it was after coming home from a female domination convention. At this femdom gathering, Ms. M was immersed for several days in an atmosphere where women ruled and men happily served them. She got the opportunity to realize some long held fantasies. Once she was back home, to her surprise, Ms. M found that men were, without her asking, doing all sorts of

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things for her. Everywhere she went, men complimented her. Ms. M is an attractive woman, so it's not like guys don't usually hit on her. This however, was something else. Through no effort of her own, men were drawn to her in a way they never had been before. They just couldn't do enough for her.

Ms. M reports that when her buzz is flowing, some guy will pump her gas for her, or the baggers at the grocery store will bring her groceries to her car and put them in the trunk for her, or someone will pick up her tab at the coffee shop. There have been times that the guy working the register at the bakery paid for her purchases himself. Ms. M has noticed that *domme buzz* waxes and wanes depending on what is going on in her life. She is now at the point that all she has to do is think about it to make the *domme buzz* manifest itself. While she was sitting in the corner of a coffee shop having a cup of tea, Ms. M was talking on the phone to me about *domme buzz*. Before she hung up, a well dressed man approached her table and gave her a business card with his cell phone number written on the back. You want your lady to have that buzz. And you want to be the man who made that buzz possible. Don't be afraid. She will bring it back home to you, the man who made it possible in the first place. As we all know, women never forget *anything*.

*"Said it once before, but it bears repeating."
The White Stripes*

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Being a slave to a woman you love and who loves you is the greatest situation a man can hope for. Once you can get a woman to experience that sensation, that power, she never forgets it, and she will never forget you. She will likely never want to relinquish that power. It's your job to introduce the lady you want to serve to the power that's within her. Once that power starts to flow, it begins a circuit that gets stronger with each lap. Your serving her makes her more aware of how much she loves being served. She will, in turn, require more from you. The more she demands, the more you will enjoy it, and the more you will give her. As the lady realizes her power over you and other men, she will love you all the more for introducing her to aspects of herself she didn't know were there.

Before we discovered mama Gena, Ms. M and I sort of stumbled onto that bit of her philosophy. Early in our relationship, I used to piss off Ms. M something awful. In the short term, I was probably not the best first slave Ms. M could have had. A "do me", top from the bottom guy would have made her more comfortable in the beginning. But I refused to tell her exactly how to dominate me. I wouldn't give her a script or specific scenarios to act out. I used to insist that she look within, decide what she wanted, and tell me that. "What do *you* want?" became my annoying mantra. Over and over I would tell her to stop trying to anticipate what I, or any other man wanted. Sure, you can take our particular desires and fetishes into account when designing rewards or punishments for us, but this is supposed to be all about *your* pleasure. That

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used to piss her off, but now she loves me for it. It took a while, though.

I admit I was a little less patient with Ms. M than I might have been or should have been. We met at a fetish party, so I assumed she was at least halfway there. To get her the rest of the way, she needed coaching from a woman. I couldn't do it for her. Not all of it, anyway. I could tell her all day about what being in control and having power over men were all about, but until she experienced it for herself; she would never really believe me.

Early in our relationship, Ms. M and I went to California for a convention called Dom Con LA. Dom Con is a gathering of professional and non pro dominatrixes, vendors, and all people involved and/or interested in the female dominant lifestyle. While we were there, I mentioned to Ms. M that she had once told me that she wanted to do some strap-on play. The thought of being done in the ass holds no interest for me, but that doesn't mean that Ms. M can't engage in it with another sub male. While walking through the vendor area, I told her that finding a man she could do from behind would be as easy as closing her eyes and throwing a dart. They're all around you. We mentioned Ms. M's interest to another Mistress in the vicinity. Within thirty seconds, a man ran up to Ms. M and enthusiastically offered his ass for her use. He had been within earshot, and the Mistress to whom Ms. M had spoken told the man to offer himself to her. Ms. M was stunned at the ease with which that situation was set up. "Just say what it is that you want,

and you'll get it", I told her. That night, while I stood guard outside the door, Ms. M had her first strap on session, and it was with a man she didn't even know existed a few hours prior.

Early in a female dominant relationship, you as the man may have to set the pace. Doing that can be a delicate balancing act. The last thing you want to do is push too hard. If you pressure a lady to dominate you, you will likely turn her off to the whole scene. Better to go too slowly than too fast. There were a couple of occasions where I acted as Ms. M's personal trainer in female domination. There is something called "topping from the bottom" in the BDSM world. What that means is that a submissive male (or female) tells the dominant what to do and how to dominate. Many dominants despise it when a submissive tops from the bottom. I have always tried to avoid doing that, and I hope I haven't been guilty of doing it too often. Sometimes though, a slave may have to do something more akin to bottoming from the top.

"Please, please help me."

The Beatles

Even a woman who's in touch with her dominant desires can need some encouragement now and then. How much more then, does a woman who is not yet aware of the female dominant lifestyle? When I met Ms. M at her fetish party, she was finally ready to begin satisfying desires she first became aware of when she was a little

girl. She used to get just as excited watching Catwoman on TV as I did. But she wanted to *be* Catwoman! When Catwoman kicked away a cringing henchman, Ms. M would get such a tingle that she had to put a pillow between her legs and squeeze it tight until the feeling went away. When she was about eight years old, she actually performed the Catwoman move. She placed her foot on the chest of a little boy, gave him a shove, and sent him sprawling across the schoolyard. If only we had known each other better as kids, Ms. M and I could have gotten into so much trouble together! She only lived about four blocks away from me back then. And as I stated earlier, we went to the same school. You'd think that with a history like that, Ms. M would have been a fully realized and confident dominatrix when I met her. Not so. She had a vague idea of what she wanted, and she was certainly enthusiastic about it, but she lacked a little confidence. And she certainly lacked the full knowledge of the power she has by virtue of being a woman.

A few months into our relationship, Ms. M was still finding her way as a novice dominatrix. A big breakthrough occurred one night at a fetish party we attended together. Ms. M looked stunning in strappy stiletto sandals, and a black leather skirt. I could see the hungry, desperate looks in the eyes of men all over the room. I could see that Ms. M wasn't reading the room the same way I was. I decided to show her what I meant when I kept telling her that there are men all over, not just me, who would love to serve her. I wanted her to

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know that her power was not dependent on me in any way. I was lucky to have her, not the other way around. I asked her, “Right now, would you like to have a drink?” She admitted that she would. I informed her that there were at least ten guys in the vicinity whose entire night she could make if she would allow them to get her a drink and hold it for her. Ms. M smiled, only half believing me. After a little more pep talk, Ms. M rose to the challenge. She pointed to one man, beckoned him over, and instructed him to get her a drink. After letting the lady know that I would be just a few feet away in case anything got out of hand, I backed away a little so that guys would not be afraid to approach. Within a few minutes, one man was kneeling and holding Ms. M’s drink as she sat on the back of another who was on his hands and knees. Soon, Ms. M had two men she had never seen before in her life lying on the floor worshipping her bare feet.

Once Ms. M had a few experiences like that, her powers as a dominatrix and a woman had increased exponentially. In order to serve her, I had to gently encourage her to explore and exercise her power. Because I gently pushed Ms. M, she gained in confidence and dominance. And I benefited as well. By serving her in this way, I ended up with an incredibly skilled and powerful dominatrix.

“I keep my visions to myself.”

Fleetwood Mac

As a child, Ms. M confided something to one of her aunts. Ms. M had decided how she wanted to live when she grew up. She figured there would never be any single man who would be able to meet all of her needs. So she would have one primary relationship, a husband perhaps, but she also wanted to have some men on the side. She wanted her husband to be faithful to her, but she would be free to go out with other men whenever she wanted to. In the most sympathetic voice she could muster, auntie told her that she didn't think any man would agree to such an arrangement. It would be a long time before Ms. M would discover that there is a practice called cuckolding and that there are men in this world who would gladly submit to her infidelity.

When she was about seven years old, Ms. M asked her aunt, who is an accomplished seamstress, to make her a costume like Catwoman's. Auntie Della made the costume, but it wasn't exactly what little Ms. M had in mind. Instead of it being the slinky, shiny, sexy, shimmering costume that Catwoman wore on TV, this suit looked more like a real cat. It was fuzzy and thick with a tail. It wasn't so much Catwoman as plain old cat. Little Ms. M, not wanting to hurt her aunt's feelings, hid her bitter disappointment. It would be twenty-five years before she would get an exact replica of the costume she so badly wanted as a child. I am proud to say that I was the person who made that dream a reality for her. I have never seen anyone happier than Ms. M when she finally, after all those years, put on the costume that was custom made for her. When Ms. M recently wore her Catwoman

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costume to a comic book convention, she was practically mobbed by photographers. She looked so good in her costume that an Academy Award winning movie star momentarily abandoned a line of people waiting to buy his autographed pictures to come talk to her. I don't think the lady will ever forget that day or the fact that I was instrumental in making it happen. Whenever possible, make your lady's fantasies come true. She won't forget it.

These days they actually have authentic Catwoman type costumes for little girls. Ms. M doesn't have a daughter, but maybe one of the nieces in the family will one day ask Aunt M to help her be Catwoman for Halloween. I know Ms. M would be thrilled to get that costume together for a young lady.

When she was around twelve, Ms. M was shopping with her mother. On a store mannequin was a black vinyl Macintosh coat. The slick, shiny material was reminiscent of Catwoman and Emma Peel and all those other take-no-shit bitches from TV that young Ms. M admired so. "Ooooh, mom, look", she said, feeling the smooth surface of the Mac. "Ugh", Ms. M's mother responded. "That looks like that S and M stuff. Come on!" Once again, Ms. M had been made to feel that her interests were somehow wrong. She was definitely learning that she should keep those interests to herself if she wanted to avoid being ridiculed for them. For some reason, nobody in her life seemed to understand her.

As she grew older, Ms. M discovered that she did have power over boys. With very little effort, she could make guys crazy with desire. But it scared her. She didn't know what this power was, and she had no idea how to harness it. And the few times she actually did express ideas that were in the realm of female domination, she scared guys off. So she put that desire away. But it was always there, lingering in the back of her mind. When she was in her early twenties, she saw an advertisement in an adult magazine, the kind with various stories supposedly written by readers. You know the ones. They all start out with, "I never thought this would happen to me, but..." In the back of the magazine were personal ads, ads for sex toys and enhancers, and sexy clothing. She spotted one ad that said, "Learn to be a dominatrix". She was fascinated. The class was to be held in New York. At the time, Ms. M had plenty of free time and a lot of disposable income. She could go if she wanted to. She clipped the ad and thought about it for a long time. In the end, she decided it was silly. She was about to go to graduate school to become a serious career woman. She had no time to waste on frivolous childhood fantasies. The whole thing was probably a scam anyway. Even though she never went to New York to take the class, for years she kept the ad safely tucked away.

Ms. M went to graduate school. She got her advanced degrees. She became a serious person with a serious career and serious hair, just like Melanie Griffin in "Working Girl". She met a man who seemed, on paper, to be perfect for her. Handsome, smart, well-dressed,

athletic, and career oriented, he appeared to be perfect husband material. So she married him. It didn't last long, though. In a way it's kind of lucky that once they were married, her ex-husband was a total dick to her, that he tried to control her and make her feel bad about herself at every turn. If all that had not happened, she would have never left him and really found the lifestyle that had been calling her since she was six years old.

"If you try sometimes...you get what you need."

The Rolling Stones

Ms. M soon discovered online domination. She met a guy in a chatroom and started controlling his masturbation via webcam. He only came if and when she allowed it. The online stuff was fun, but Ms. M realized that she needed more. The fantasies she had as a little girl, that she had hidden away, were all coming back to her. She remembered how she used to imagine having someone tied up against the closet door in her bedroom. She would wag her finger and berate the imaginary man in bondage. Now that she was in a position to make her fantasies reality, Ms. M looked into some real life local events. She bought a single ticket to a lifestyle party. She showed up all by herself (a very brave move). And by now you know, as Paul Harvey would say, the rest of the story.

Not every woman has such vivid fantasies of being served by men so early in life. For a lot of women, they don't even realize that that sort of thing would even

appeal to them until it's presented to them in the right way. You may be surprised at how many women would actually love to be served and treated like a queen. Most of them are afraid to ask. That is the recurring message in Mama Gena's books and workshops. She tells women over and over again that they have to ask for what they want if they want to get it. It can be hard work to get a woman to the place where she will ask for what she wants. Sometimes it's hard to even get her to admit to herself what she wants.

"Halfway there."

Bon Jovi

Sometimes, though, it's not so hard. There are women who are aware of their dominant desires, and they're just itching to exercise their feminine power. Always be on the lookout for this type of woman. Why make cookies from scratch when there's slice and bake?

A few years ago, I started going out with a colleague from work. This is something I very rarely do. Usually it's just not worth the trouble, but I had lusted long and hard for this woman. When she started work with my company, she was married. I told myself that if she ever got divorced, I was gonna get me some of that. If you could see this lady, you'd understand why I went against my usual rule of not dating women from work. This girl had a body like a rap video dancer, the Kim Kardashian type. And to make matters worse, she always wore super

hot shoes. I was powerless. So as soon as I found out she was divorced, I made my move and asked her out.

I went to Ms. Dena's luxury high rise to pick her up for our first date. When I got there, she was almost ready to go, but not quite. She was about to put some lotion on her feet before putting on her shoes (Hmmmmmm. Was she setting *me* up?). Not one to let such an opportunity pass, I held out my hand and asked if I could do that for her? She gave me the bottle of lotion; I got down on my knees and gently rubbed the cream into the skin of her toes, heels, and insteps. "Ooh, I love being pampered", Ms. Dena purred. "Well," I told her, "You've found the right guy. I'd love to pamper you".

We went out a few times. I took it nice and slow as far as letting on to her about my submissive desires. Ms. Dena figured things out, though. All that pampering and uber gallant behavior on my part piqued her interest and curiosity. One afternoon, we were in my car when Ms. Dena turned to me and said straight out, "Do you want to be my sex slave?" She then laid out exactly what that would mean. Stripping naked whenever I was in her home, doing her housework, kneeling unless doing some task that required me to stand. What do you think my answer was?

I still can't believe I let that one get away. But Ms. Dena wasn't looking to date and see where things led. She was looking to get married again. And soon. She did too. She found another rich old guy and married him within a

few months. The last time I saw Ms. Dena, it was in the supermarket. She had already given the geezer one heart attack. The poor old buzzard can't hold up to that body. Ms. Dena would tax Lance Armstrong's cardiovascular system.

"How did I get here?"
The Talking Heads

There are even situations in which you can unintentionally turn a woman on to the female dominant lifestyle. When I was about seventeen years old, I worked at a local pizza parlor. One of the other young people working there was a beautiful girl who was about a year younger than me. She had huge boobs and a gorgeous face. All the guys who worked there were crazy about her. I dug her too. The other guys were kind of forward and rather crude in their approach to her. She was not taken with any of them. I was shy, so I never came on to her at all. One day, completely out of the blue, she looks right at me and asks, "So, when are you going to take me out?" I stammered and stuttered a bit, but I managed to set up a date for the movies for the next weekend.

Ellen and I went out for a while. I even took her to her prom. In those days, I was way too inexperienced and nervous to even hint about my femdom desires. I just had no clue how to go about it. That's not to say I wasn't already trying to pursue my fantasies. At seventeen, I had already paid for a couple of professional domination

sessions, but I didn't know that a guy could have female domination with a regular girl. I thought dominatrixes must be some other breed of woman. They weren't the girls you went to school with. In my mind, it was almost like they came from another planet. That was certainly the image suggested by the movies, so that's what I believed. The femmes fatale either came from another galaxy or they ran around in negligees all day holding cigarette holders. They were definitely not the high school girl running the register at the pizza joint.

Anyway, Ellen and I dated briefly. After a while, I lost contact with her, but she always stayed in touch with my mother. Ellen got married to a guy my mother said looked a lot like me. Mom told me over and over that Ellen never stopped loving me. Ellen's marriage wasn't a good one, so she eventually left the guy who looked like me, despite his devilish good looks.

Several years later, out of the blue, Ellen called me. This time it was Ellen's turn to be forward. She wanted me, and she was going to have me. Again I was stammering and stuttering. By now I was in my mid thirties. I had long since decided that I would never again be involved in a vanilla type relationship. No way was I going to hook up with Ellen (who outwardly seemed very vanilla) again. I saw no signs of the dominatrix in her personality. She was a sweet girl who I believed was sexually naïve and emotionally vulnerable so I tried to put her off.

But Ellen was persistent. She wanted to pick up where we had left off all those years ago. I had always liked Ellen. A lot. She was still beautiful. She was smart. She was loving, generous, and sincere, everything a woman should be. The last thing I wanted to do was hurt her. So I came clean with her. I told her that she didn't want to get involved with a guy like me. I told her about all the stuff I'm into. I didn't make it scary or freaky, I just explained that I only do female dominant type relationships, and I didn't think she was into that. She still wasn't giving up. Ellen said that she would be willing to try that out. Even though I was reluctant, I said that I would be willing to begin a Mistress/slave relationship with Ellen.

Ellen was a pretty good novice Mistress. She got very turned on by the new experience of having her feet worshipped. Multiple extended orgasms were something sadly lacking in her marriage. She welcomed the change. It didn't take a lot of convincing to get her to enjoy getting oral sex for two or three hours at a stretch. I even took Ms. Ellen to a BDSM party downtown. She was a little shocked to find that one of her male cousins was there. Once she got over her surprise, Ms. Ellen and her cousin had a nice little talk at the bar. She said she enjoyed the party. Ms. Ellen seemed to be getting into the female domination lifestyle, but I just couldn't be sure.

Ms. Ellen seemed to be falling very comfortably into the role of Mistress. She had set up a few ground rules for

my behavior. Any time she was coming to my place, she would tell me what, if anything, I was to be wearing. Often she would tell me to be kneeling naked at the door and to greet her by kissing her shoes. I liked that. But I still had the nagging fear that she was just doing it for me. Sooner or later, she'd come to resent having to go through all these theatrics. She'd get sick of donning leather bras and other bizarre accoutrements. I had this vision of myself on the floor kissing her boots while she stood above me rolling her eyes heavenward at the silliness of it all. Sooner or later she'd ask why we couldn't just make love like normal people. And God help me if we had an argument. She'd throw it all in my face. That fear, I think, is what stops so many men from living out their fantasies.

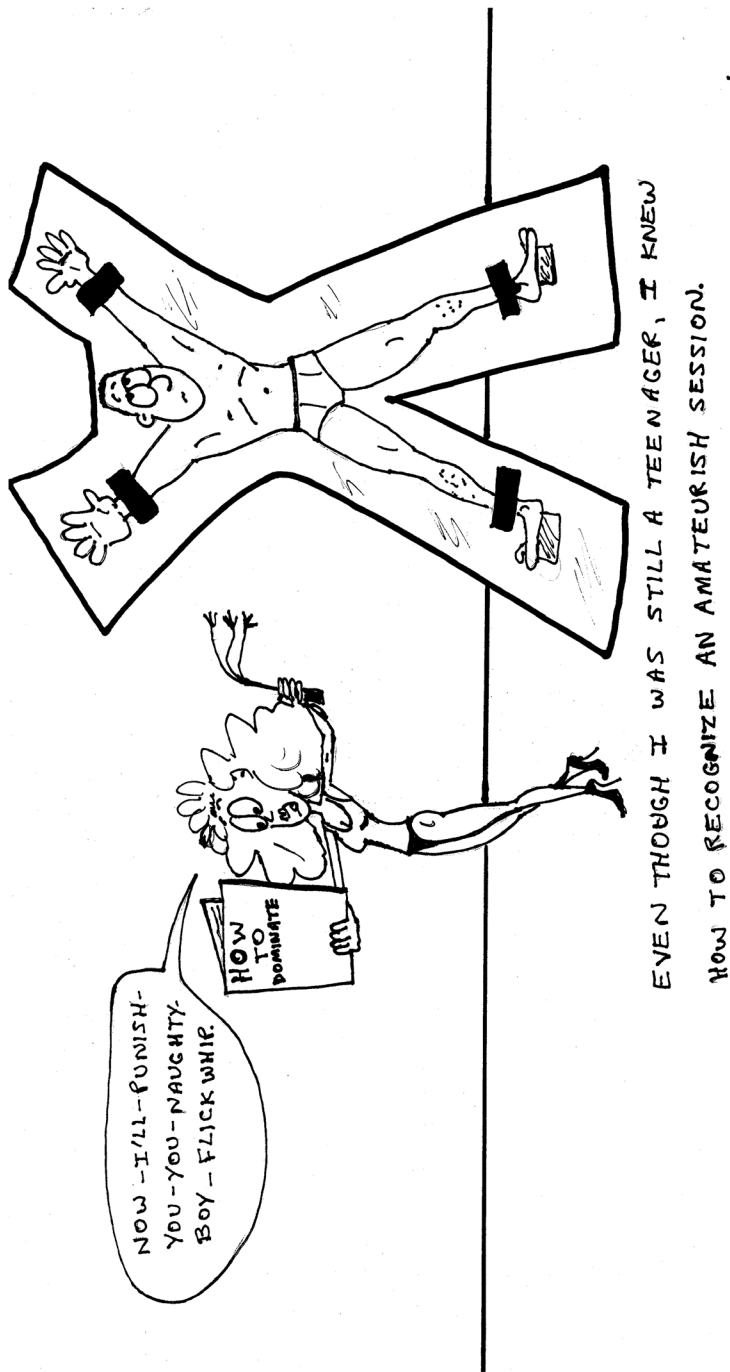
Right around this time, I met Ms. M. With Ms. M, I had no fear that she was acting the dominatrix purely for my benefit. She had come to a scene party on her own. She didn't know I would even be there. Ms. M was there because she needed to be there. So I broke up with Ms. Ellen in favor of Ms. M. I knew I would never be able to juggle both of them. In short order, Ms. M had insinuated herself into my life. She was going to be my girl, and that was all there was to it.

About a year later, I got a letter from Ms. Ellen. She thanked me for having introduced her to her new lifestyle. She would never return to vanilla relationships. Female domination was what she had been seeking her whole life, but she hadn't known it. Ms. Ellen went on to

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tell me about all the great private parties she had been going to since we broke up. She was continually perfecting her techniques of torture on a string of willing victims. She had me to credit for providing her with an entirely new outlook on life. Henceforth any man who wanted to be with Ellen would have to be her slave.

I never expected that. I had tried to turn off a woman by telling her about my “alternative” lifestyle interests, and it had the direct opposite effect. Just imagine. I could have married Ellen when we were eighteen, and we could have been happy for life. Who knew? This incident reinforced some things I had already come to know. Dominant women are no more “other” than submissive men are. They look just like any other women. They have jobs and hobbies and problems like anyone. The girl next door could very well be the Mistress of your dreams. And that is exactly the lesson Elise Sutton tries to get through to us thick-headed men.



WTV

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CHAPTER 10

THE PROFESSIONAL DOMINATRIX

“This is what he pays me for...”

Garbage

Although the point of this book is to help men find Mistresses of their own, I realize that this is not always an easy matter. Until a man can find a Mistress to serve real time, the professional domination session can be a good place to get his needs met. There are literally thousands of professional dominatrices all over the world. There seem to be an inordinate number of them in Germany (surprise, surprise). When I was about ten or eleven years old, I was reading a history book about the Nazis’ rise to power. The book described how, between the World Wars, German prostitutes would brazenly walk the streets wearing high heeled boots and carrying whips. My young mind couldn’t think of a more enticing image. In the United States, most of the pro domes are located on the coasts and in the major cities. There are several websites that are dedicated to advertising professional dominants. Maxfish.com, Dickievirgin.com, Dominalist.com, and Dominams.com are just a few of the dozens of sites where you can find literally thousands of women who will dominate, humiliate, and hurt you for money. Prices vary. You might pay as low as a hundred–fifty dollars for an hour. To book a very famous Mistress or celebrity domme, you might pay over a thousand bucks for an hour. A

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thousand dollars is a lot of money, but if you have it to spare, you might consider it money well spent to be smothered under the ass of a woman who was a Penthouse Pet or Playboy Playmate.

The professional dominatrix represents all the extremes of female domination scene. They can provide the highest highs and the lowest lows. Many pro dominas are model beautiful. They have unbelievable leather, latex, and PVC wardrobes. They have all the equipment, all the experience, and they probably know more about your fantasies than you do. There's a reason that some guys have stronger feelings for their Mistresses than they do their wives. Some pro dominas know exactly how to find all of a man's hot buttons in seconds. On the negative side, professional domination sessions are expensive. There is no true intimacy in the pro homme/client relationship. After the incredible high of the professional domination session, a man can feel depressed and empty. Depending on where you live, going to see a professional dominatrix might even be against the law.

When I was about sixteen, before I had even had sex, I paid for a couple of professional domination sessions. This was in the early eighties. I called an advertisement that I saw in a local alternative newspaper. I took the bus to a local suburb that was in those days, a hub of massage parlors and escort services. To get my nerve up, I walked the last several blocks. It probably cost me nearly a week's salary to afford a domination session. I doubt I

made much more than minimum wage at that time. Of course I was scared out of my mind, but I felt compelled to act on the fantasies I had kept secret for so long.

I was only a teenager with zero lifestyle experience, but even I knew what an amateurish session was. The girls who worked in these joints weren't experienced dommes. They were massage parlor chicks, Semi-hookers would be more like it. The first girl I sessioned with tied me up a little, gave me a few lackluster strokes with a leather paddle, and let me perform a little foot worship. I paid for these semi-domme sessions about three times. I recall one session I had with a cute black girl who must have been in her early twenties. She had me lie down on the floor. With one foot resting on my face, she used her other foot to jerk me off. I must have been pretty backed up, because when I came all over my stomach, the young lady said just one word, "WOW!"

These days, there is no reason to put up with substandard domination. You can get a session from an escort or hooker, but why? In most cities, there are at least a few genuine professional dominatrixes. Most of them have the experience and equipment to bring your fantasies to life. Many of them have their own websites where you can see their pictures. Often the Mistress will list the activities she specializes in as well as those she has no interest in exploring. For example, some Mistresses will not do toilet training. There are some, however, who specialize in that kind of training. There is one Mistress

in New Hampshire who engages almost exclusively in full toilet training.

One big advantage of seeing a professional dominatrix is that you don't have to worry about shocking her. It's pretty unlikely that you are going to ask her for anything she hasn't done before. In fact, the situation may be quite the reverse. If you become a regular client, the Mistress may try to expand your limits. She may get you to engage in things you once thought beyond your capabilities. Some Mistresses love to take slaves places they never thought they would go. Also, a pro domme will likely recognize if you are asking for more than you can handle. A severe and merciless whipping from a beautiful dominant woman sounds hot. It looks like it would be great when you watch it in videos. But in real life, it *hurts*! If a woman lays into your novice ass with all her might using a single tail or cane, or a big thick paddle, you might find yourself in deeper than you expected. A smart pro knows her tools. She will start easy on you and gradually build up the intensity.

Another good reason to see the pro domme is that you don't have to deal with the fear of rejection. Rejection is a risk we take when we reveal our fetishistic desires to wives or girlfriends. With the pro domme, a man needn't worry about that. The professional Mistress doesn't know you, and you don't know her. Not really. When you leave her, you never have to see her again if you don't want to. Once your fantasy is fulfilled, you can go home with nobody being the wiser. Often however, a

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man will become a regular client of a particular dominatrix. After a while, this woman may come to know more about a man than his wife or girlfriend does.

Although expensive, the professional session can actually be a bargain in terms of time and money. It may take weeks and weeks to seduce a woman into the female domination lifestyle. It may take many dinner dates and gifts and flowers before a woman begins to embrace the idea of being served. For a couple of hundred dollars, a man can visit a woman who will take him on a roller coaster ride of erotic thrills. In an hour or two, he can go back to his normal life until the need arises again. Your professional Mistress may have several thousand dollars invested in equipment and wardrobe. For relatively little money, you can enjoy all the gear that your Mistress has. Some Mistresses will even allow you to request certain things that she will wear during your session.

When you schedule a session with a professional dominatrix, you may be able to spend time with the type of woman you may have no shot with in real life. A guy who is a total geek or a fat nerd can, at least temporarily, find himself under the heels of a ten.

As a result of professional domination being cracked down on in some areas, some former professionals have now semi-retired. Instead of seeing clients for sessions at a set price, many of these ladies are keeping a small stable of slaves who pay for their living expenses and

buy them gifts. This compromise might be just the thing for some guys.

Compartmentalization is important to many guys. Some men don't want to be a full time slave. They don't want to do all the housework. They're not interested in serving a woman all day every day. There are those who say that the motives of those guys are not pure. I am not judging them one way or the other. For men who just want to live out the occasional fantasy, the professional dominatrix offers the perfect solution.

“Who are you?”

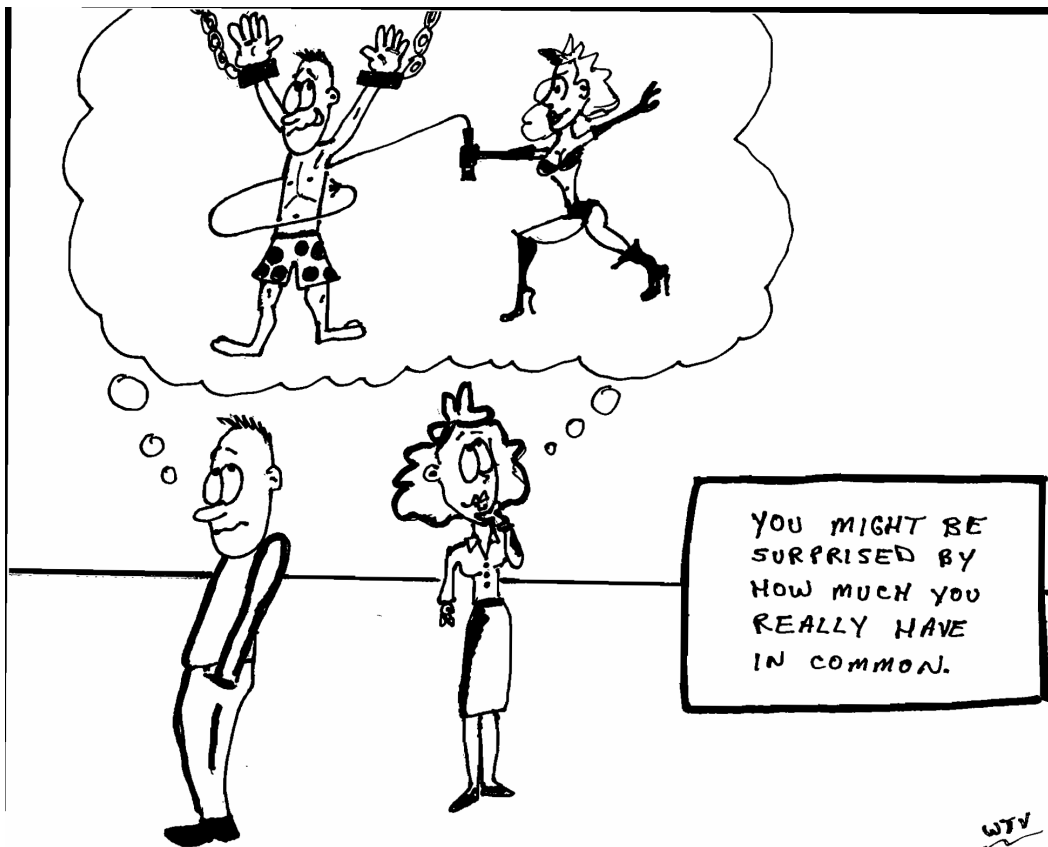
The Who

The professional domination session is not all roses, though. There are a few disadvantages that go along with seeing a professional dominatrix. As with any pay for play situation, there will be a lack of true intimacy. In most instances, there will be no sexual contact between Mistress and client. You may never even learn your Mistress' real name. You're probably not going to spend holidays and vacations with her. Unless you have a few hundred bucks to spend, you won't get to see her at all. There's no real relationship there. You have no idea what her real personality is like. For all you know, the all powerful Mistress Vengeance is really a submissive named Brittany who gives all her money to some dude.

Many of the professional dominant's clients are married men. These men believe that they cannot tell their wives

about their needs. I am not going to get into the morality of cheating on one's wife or debate what constitutes cheating and what doesn't. I will say that many of these men are probably mistaken. Elise Sutton's books and website offer ample evidence that the dominatrix a man is seeking is often sleeping next to him every night. I will never forget a story I read many years ago in *Dear Abby*. After her husband had died, a woman discovered that he had been a cross dresser in life. When the widow discovered her late husband's secret wardrobe and pictures of him dressed as a woman and wearing makeup, she was turned on. She was sorry her husband hadn't shared his secret with her when he was alive. She would have been thrilled to help him with his outfits. She would have gone on shopping trips with him, and she would have done his makeup for him. The woman kept all of her late husband's clothes and pictures. Every so often, she would go through the pictures and smile. This story is the perfect illustration of something that all of us should keep in mind. If you have nine things in common with a woman, why would you think that you wouldn't have that tenth thing in common with her as well? Remember the story of Ms. Ellen? We enjoyed the same music, movies, and other "vanilla" interests. I was so sure though, that she would never be sexually compatible with me. And I was wrong.

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“The best of both worlds”

Van Halen

It's not likely, but it is possible to become the full time slave of a professional Mistress. On their websites and on the female domination message boards, professional Mistresses sometimes put out the word that they are looking for personal slaves. A man has to fully understand what he's getting into if he wants to be a personal slave to a pro domina. I read an interview with a woman named Mistress Justine. She claimed that since she was a college freshman, she had never been without “the luxury of at least three personal slaves”. When asked what the life of one of her personal slaves was like, Mistress Justine replied that it was far less glamorous than one would imagine. She said that her personal slaves worked long and hard in her service with very little in the way of rewards. The sex lives of Mistress Justine's slaves were completely under her control. She allowed her men to masturbate only as a reward for particularly good service. Many professional Mistresses warn potential personals that they should expect to do a lot of domestic work with little supervision and “play” time. You have to understand, when you're applying for a position as a slave, you are not going to be a boyfriend. In fact, you may have to live with the fact that your Mistress will have a boyfriend or two. You will be treated as an unpaid domestic. This may sound unfair to some men. It may be, but as long as the Mistress is honest about her expectations, then it is up to the man whether or not he applies for such a position.

“Love, love, love, love all your money”

Daisy Chainsaw

There are some very predatory women in the pro domme field. In recent years, the popularity of the “financial dominatrix” has ballooned. I’m not certain, but I think the concept of financial domination on the internet may have been invented by Princess Sierra of Ohio (Bitchybeauty.com). She states unequivocally and unapologetically that she is greedy and self centered. She lets readers of her website know that she is “too cruel to care”. Princess Sierra warns men that if they want a Mistress who is concerned about their welfare, they should find one. Princess Sierra is interested only in men who are absolutely obedient. She rakes in several thousand dollars every week from men who, for the most part, have never met her. Through her website, instant messages and pay telephone calls, she seduces dozens and dozens of what she calls “pay pigs”. If Princess Sierra’s claims are true (and I believe them), she is probably pulling down at least a quarter of a million dollars per year. And that’s just the cash. She has ever-growing wish lists of things that she wants. And whatever she wants, men pay for. When she tells her minions to buy this item of clothing or that piece of furniture, or to pay for her vacation, it happens. On her site, Princess Sierra has documented cases of one “sucker” who paid for her jeep. Another guy gave her twenty thousand dollars. Still another sent her a wire transfer of fifty thousand dollars! Princess Sierra has a

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lot of imitators, but I don't think anyone pulls down money like the Princess.

“God gave women intuition and femininity. Used properly, the combination easily jumbles the brain of any man I’ve ever met.”

Farrah Fawcett

The financial dominatrix is a person to be approached with extreme caution. The need of the submissive man to submit and sacrifice is a strong one. What can be a greater display of sacrifice than to give away the money one works so hard to earn. Remember the strip club example? The financial dominatrix takes that dynamic and rips away any remaining pretense. She knows the need that men have to sacrifice for women. The financial domme goes right to the heart of that need. Unchecked, this desire to sacrifice for a woman can lead a man to ruin. On her site, Princess Sierra brags about the men who have been evicted from their homes and who have divorced as a result of having sent her all their money. And there are plenty more where they came from. Princess Sierra accurately calls herself “man’s natural predator”.

“She’s so fine, there’s no telling where the money went.”

Robert Palmer

There are dozens, maybe hundreds of other women on the internet who have wish lists on various sites such as Amazon.com. If a man admires a Mistress from afar, he

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can go to Amazon.com, search out the items she has chosen, and buy them for her. Once his payment has been received, the items are shipped to the Mistress.

“You’re so far away from me”

Dire Straits

With the popularity of Princess Sierra and other Mistresses who specialize in financial domination, a lot of other women have jumped on this apparent gravy train. I advise you to beware of any profiles on personals sites that mention “online training”. This is code for scam. The girl in the picture on the profile may not even be the person who placed the ad. It may even be a guy on the other side of that profile. Your “financial goddess” might be some smelly fat guy with a beard who’s laughing at you all the way to the bank. A common complaint of submissive men today is that a lot of women put profiles on personals sites that *appear* to be seeking lifestyle submissives. When a man answers these profiles, however, he’s quickly told that he must send “tributes” with any correspondence. A friend of mine told me that a woman he contacted from a site wanted him to give her money to have a first meeting lunch date with her. He declined her generous offer.

I don’t see anything wrong with buying gifts for one’s Mistress. It feels great to give things to your Mistress. When my lady put up a tribute registry on the internet, I made sure that I was the first one to buy her something from her gift list. I think it’s terrific if a man can earn

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enough so that his Mistress doesn't have to have a job. How wonderful is it for a woman to live a life of leisure while her slave(s) work for her? There is a lady named Goddess Lorena in Vancouver, Canada who describes the joys of laboring (labouring, since she's Canadian) for one's Mistress while Mistress enjoys luxury and comfort supplied by her slaves.

HOWEVER.....I think it makes no sense to send your hard earned cash to a stranger who lives thousands of miles away. It's way more sensible to financially support a Mistress you can serve in person, in the flesh. I'm sure if I ever encountered Princess Sierra or Goddess Lorena in person, there would be no resisting them. A woman with the kind of power they possess can do anything they want with a submissive male, me included. But as long as those ladies aren't in my town, I feel pretty safe.

Don't be scammed. Don't give away your mortgage or rent money. Your internet Mistress will not bail you out when your life has gone down the tubes. Don't let your common sense take a back seat to your fetishes.



“I’m a man, I’m a man, and so is Lola.”

The Kinks

A word of caution. There are a number of professional dominants and escorts who are transsexuals. And not all of them advertise as such. Some of them are pretty damn convincing too. So unless you’re into “t-girls”, be careful who you session with.

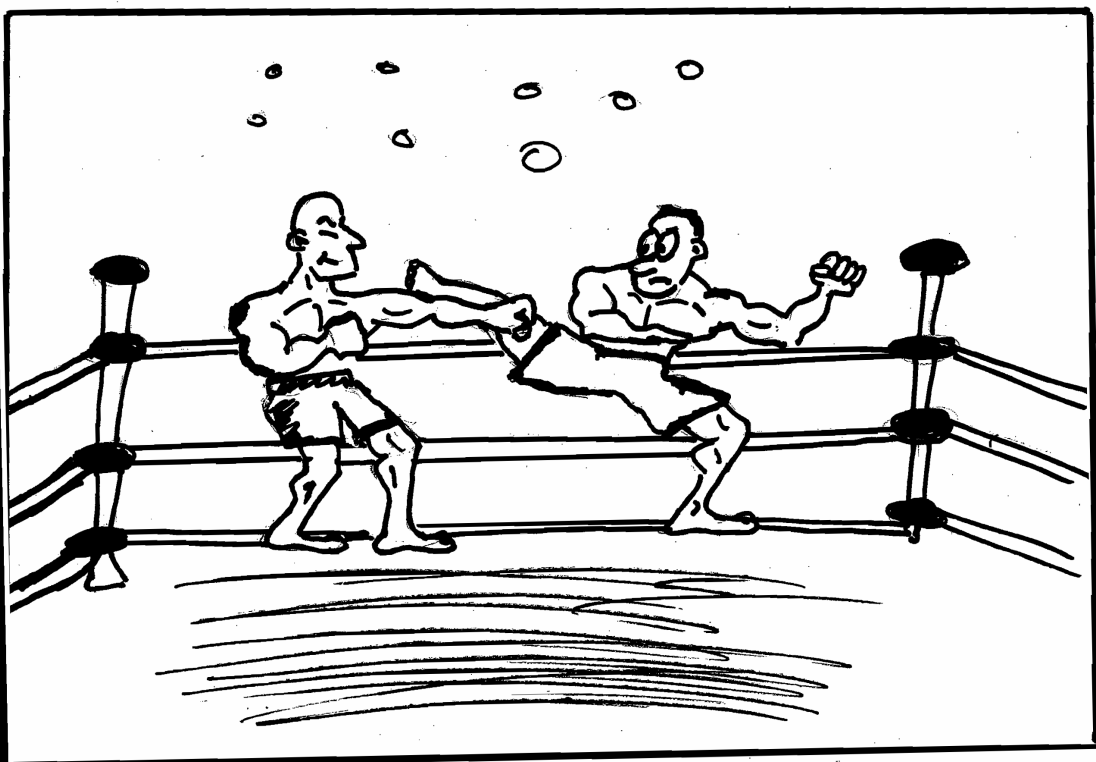
So where does one find a good professional Mistress? There are several websites where Mistresses from all over the world advertise. Maxfisch.com and Dickievirgin.com are two of my favorites. Maxfisch has a Reviews section where you can find out from other men what they have experienced with various dominatrixes. Bellalist.com, femdomtopsites.com, and dominalist.com are also very good. You can also find professional dominants (as well as escorts and strippers) on erosguide.com. There are about a million more. A Google search will find you more professional Mistresses than you could session with in ten lifetimes.

CAPTER 11

MIXED MARTIAL ARTS

Throughout this book, I have explored the various methods a man can use to meet and seduce a Mistress. I strongly recommend that you use them all. Just as in ultimate fighting, you need to have strong boxing, wrestling, ju-jitsu, and Muy Thai skills if you want to be a complete fighter. Bruce Lee, when formulating his Jeet Kun Do fighting style, espoused a strategy of using what is useful. He encouraged martial artists not to rely on one particular style or technique to the exclusion of all others. He used to say that you had to flow into each situation. “Be water, my friend. Be water”.

I have successfully used print, internet, and telephone personals, fetish parties to meet dominant women. I have also introduced this lifestyle to women who had no experience in female domination. I am not saying this to brag. I have also missed opportunities that in hindsight, were obvious. I am pointing out my success in using all



of these methods is to encourage you to do the same. Not every man feels the same way. Some guys like to specialize. My friend Tim, who seduced the dominatrix and cuckoldress from an eighteen year old Anna believes that finding a Mistress in the personals or at a fetish party is putting the cart before the horse. He thinks that you have to find a girl who likes you and whom you like. You have to enjoy the everyday things in common before you begin exploring fetishes and fantasies. He makes a good point. There is a solid foundation for fantasy exploration only when a couple has other interests besides the sexy stuff.

On the other hand, I know that a solid relationship can be had even if you meet your Mistress at a fetish party or through the personals. You can meet your Mistress in any setting and in any way. I met Ms. M at a fetish party. At the time, I was dating Ms. Ellen who I knew from my teenage years. I had met her at work. At the same time, I was occasionally seeing Ms. Valerie, a dominant woman I met on alt.com, one of the more popular BDSM personals sites on the internet. I had to make a choice regarding which of these three dominant women I was going to continue seeing. Ms. M was an almost chance encounter. While she met me at a fetish event, she told me that she would never place or answer a personal ad if she were looking for a new slave. For some reason, although she's completely comfortable going to a gathering of avowed deviants all by herself, the personals make her nervous. When I introduced Ms. Ellen to this

lifestyle, she had never done any of the above. If I had not revealed my true nature to Ms. Ellen, she would likely never have discovered the joys of being a Mistress. Ms. Valerie almost never attended fetish events. And she lived about twenty miles from me. It was unlikely that I would have ever met her if it were not for online personals.

“Hanging on the telephone.”
Blondie

It was a Saturday night in January, 1997. It was the night before the Super Bowl, as I recall. I was between relationships. There was a fetish party in my area. I went to it and had a decent time. I played a little with a girl I had dated briefly but never really connected with. When I got home, I decided to check on a telephone personals ad I had running. What do you know? I had a nibble. My telephone profile gave my general physical description, age, and the kind of relationship I was seeking. I stated that I was looking for an attractive, intelligent, dominant lady who wanted to be worshipped, served, and obeyed. When I punched in my access code to pick up the message, I heard a sing-songy Asian accent. “I am de one you’re looking for.” She left a telephone number. It was well after midnight, but I took the risk and called her anyway. We spoke briefly and made a date to meet the next day. I met Mistress Krissie in a bookstore near her home. We hit it off right away, and I ended up serving her for the next two and a half years. Who knew? She *was* de one I was looking for!

She had a style that was the perfect combination of uncompromisingly dominant and spoiled little girl. On our first real date, she placed a hand to her cheek, cocked her head, and demanded, “Tell me stories.” I just melted. From that moment, I was hers. Mistress Krissie was the most natural and unaffected dominant I have ever known. She had always wanted to dominate men. She told me that when she was a child, she would manipulate games so that she would have an excuse to abuse her playmates. I remember thinking how cute Ms. Krissie was when she described with teeth gritting intensity the way she used to step on the boys back home. She was unabashed in her femdom desires. Early in our relationship, I showed her an episode of the HBO program “The Red Shoe Diaries”. The episode had a femdom theme and was called “How I met My Mistress”. In one scene, the Mistress was going on and on about her personal philosophy of slave training. Frustrated at the lack of action on the screen, Ms. Krissie yelled at the screen, “Don’t talk, just beat him!” Until that moment, I thought I might have to handle the lady with kid gloves. Soon I was showing her real femdom videos. One of my all time favorites is the Corporal Video release from the eighties titled “My Name is Carla”. When she saw the straightforward uncompromising dominance of Lady Carla on the screen, Mistress Krissie commented, “I see myself in her.”

As far as femdom interests and tastes went, Ms. Krissie and I were just about as perfectly compatible as a man and woman can be. All the stuff I liked, she liked. The

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things she wasn't into were the same things I wasn't into. The reason we eventually broke up was not related to female dominance. I'm a lifelong bachelor, and I never wanted to have kids. She did. It was as simple as that. After a while, she could no longer ignore her maternal instincts. Ms. Krissie hit the magical age of thirty on a Monday. By Saturday she had broken it off with me. She felt she could no longer waste any more time with a man who refused to be the father of her future children. She cried. I wanted to. That was the hardest breakup I ever had. It took me years to get over her.

That's not to say that I didn't get right back on the horse, though. Sure I was heartbroken, but life goes on. Mistress Krissie was gone, and I was pretty sure she wasn't ever coming back. She was a fantastic woman and a great Mistress, but she wasn't the last one to come off the assembly line. I knew that if I tried, I would find another Mistress.

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I did see Ms. Krissie one more time. It was about a year or two later. She came over to my place to drop off copies of some pictures of us. In these shots, she was decked out in hot leather clothes and domme garb. I had forgotten (or I had tried to make myself forget) what a little fox she was (Physically, she's kind of the Tila Tequila type, except she doesn't have all those tattoos or that lollipop head). "You're trying to kill me", I thought. Maybe she was trying to get me back. I can't say for sure. My memory of the whole incident isn't entirely clear. The last I heard, she was married. There is no doubt in my mind that her husband is her slave. Ms. Krissie would **never** be with any man who was not, as she put it, "Han-dred percent, total, fahking sllllave".

I tell the story of Mistress Krissie to point out how imperative it is to use every means at your disposal to meet your Mistress. While I was at a party, leash dangling from my neck, trying to meet a new domina, my phone personals profile was working for me at the same time. Back then I wasn't yet internet savvy. But If I had been, I would have used internet personals as well. Mistress Krissie's modus operandi was the total opposite of Ms. M's. While comfortable using the personals, Ms. Krissie would never in a million years have attended a fetish party by herself. If I had used the fetish parties as my sole means of meeting women, I would not have had the privilege of meeting and serving such an incredible woman. A chance meeting was almost completely out of the question. She had managed to make it to the Midwestern United States from halfway around the world (I think it takes eighteen hours to fly to Mistress Krissie's homeland), but she still lived pretty far from me. It used to take me a whole Bruce Springsteen CD to drive from my place to her house. We definitely did not hang out at the same Starbucks. And even if I somehow had seen her at the mall or someplace, without prior knowledge, I would have never suspected her of being a natural dominant. She was just a thin, pretty Asian chick. At the time, she was a conservative dresser. She looked friendly and sweet, not at all dominant and sadistic. Also I really was not her physical type. I am really a bit short and too heavily muscled for her. She much prefers a slimmer, pretty boy type. She was attracted to Ricky Martin. I used to enjoy telling her that a lot of people believe that Ricky Martin is gay. If Ms. Krissie and I had just

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happened to have seen each other somewhere, we probably would not have spoken to each other. If I hadn't placed a phone personals ad, we'd have never met.

To me, it makes no sense to leave any stone unturned. The desire to meet and serve a Mistress is strong. Instead of wishing and fantasizing, you have to explore every possible means to meet your Mistress. Don't specialize. You have to find your Mistress where she is. And you can never tell where that will be.

CHAPTER 12

COMMON SENSE

“I told you not to be stupid, you moron.”
Ben Stern (Howard Stern’s father)

Sometimes when a submissive man finally acknowledges his desires, his enthusiasm can get the better of him. At times like that, a man can let reason take a back seat. In their submissive frenzy, submissive guys often jump right into a relationship too quickly with a dominant woman. The BDSM and female domination lifestyles encompass a lot of interests and activities. The fact that a man identifies himself as submissive and a woman identifies as dominant does not mean that they are compatible. That alone is not a basis for a live in 24/7 slave relationship.

A long time ago I read a story that I assume was fictional, although it was written as though it were a true life account. The story was of a man named Mr. Sloan who read a newspaper ad placed by a woman. The ad copy stated that the lady was seeking a full time servant who would be allowed no limits. After meeting the beautiful woman who placed the ad, the author of the story felt powerless to resist her. He said he had fallen hopelessly in love with her even though he had met her only once.

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The woman, Ms. Faulkner had a live-in slave who used to be a very wealthy man. He gave up all of his possessions to this woman so that she would accept him as her slave. The writer of the story felt compelled to do the same. Sloan went to the office of the Mistress' attorney. There Sloan found out that the attorney and his wife were also slaves to the Mistress. They had met her at a female domination gathering. After the couple knelt and worshipped the Mistress' boots at the party, the Mistress accepted them both as her slaves. The Mistress took their house and luxury car as tribute. The Mistress gave the house to her sister. The Mistress took every penny of the man's law practice, allowing him and his wife just enough for necessities. The writer of the story, after learning all that would be required of him to serve Ms. Faulkner, readily signed over all of his savings, his possessions, and his house. To make sure there was no way out, he was also required to sign a phony loan agreement which placed him in Ms. Faulkner's debt for a large amount of money. Upon returning to Ms. Faulkner's home, Sloan's hair was shorn, he was branded with a red hot iron, and a ring was placed in his penis to ensure his chastity.

The above story is incredibly hot. It's a terrific fantasy, but it is a study in poor judgment. I understand the need to give up everything to a powerful woman and living as her slave for life. To jump into such a situation without thinking it through or undergoing a trial period however, is foolhardy. Fortunately, few Mistresses will allow a man to dive right into such a silly decision. In fact,

dominant women who have personal advertisements are often bombarded with communications from men who claim to want to be their full time, live-in slaves right away. Often these men live far away, and always they have never met the Mistresses to whom they are writing. Allowing submissive frenzy to make you propose such an irrational arrangement will disqualify you in the eyes of many dominant women.

As much as I love female domination videos, pictures, and stories, I have to admit that they can set up unrealistic expectations in dominants and submissives. In the videos, everything goes perfectly. There is no indecision or regret. Everything is idealized. Femdom porn can be a lot of fun and a good place to get ideas, but one can't just jump right into a fantasy because it's in a magazine or on a website.

I am not suggesting that it is impossible to become a woman's slave 24/7. There are people who live that lifestyle, and it suits them perfectly. There are men who sleep in a cage every night, eat from a dog dish, and never wear clothes. There aren't many, but they do exist. That is an extreme situation that is not a good fit for well over ninety percent of Mistress/submissive male couples. I can guarantee that none of the people in that type of relationship jumped into that situation blindly. A full time slavery position is something that requires a lot of communication and a preliminary training period. Mistress and slave have to have similar interests and fantasies to make it work.

There are some Mistresses who are heavily into sissy maid training. For me, sissy maid training holds no thrill. If a lady wanted me to dress up in frilly panties and high heeled pumps and prance around her place polishing the silver, I could maybe go for that once. But if she needs that to be an ongoing scenario, I'm just not the right guy for her. She needs a man who's really into that kind of scene. I know there are dominant ladies who say a truly submissive man will do whatever his Mistress wants. While this is true, for a relationship between two human beings in the real world to thrive, the needs and energies of both, dominant and submissive have to be compatible. If you wanted a lap dog, you wouldn't adopt a hunting dog, would you? Sure, your dog wants to please you, but you can't expect the poor mutt to live a lifestyle that's completely counter to its nature.

If a slave is a heavy masochist, a "pain slut", he needs a Mistress who loves to lay on the corporal punishment hard and often. Some Mistresses have a softer, more seductive approach. There are Mistresses who seldom if ever wield a whip. If a lady has a real sadistic approach, if she loves to lay on the whip and the cane, and you're the kind of guy who doesn't like pain, you won't last long with a woman who leaves bloody welts all over you on a daily basis. There are Mistresses who are really into cuckolding. That is a heavy psychological experience. While a guy may have a hide as tough as an elephant's, the thought of his lady making love to another man may be too much for him to bear. While some dominant

ladies can actually experience orgasm through foot worship, there are some for whom the idea of anyone kissing and licking their feet is disgusting. There are lesbian and bisexual women who enjoy dominating and owning men. For some guys, that situation can be really hot. For others, it's a total turn-off. Some Mistresses would never consider having sex with their slaves. Others love to fuck their slaves. Some Mistresses enjoy having several slaves. Not every man can deal with sharing the Mistress with others. Some thrive on that situation. The list of BDSM activities is almost endless, and not every one is for everybody.

You have to decide which activities and interests are must-haves, which are negotiable, and which ones are deal breakers. Deal breakers are sometimes called hard limits. I like to think of hard limits in terms of capital H and lowercase h. For me, *full* toilet training is a lower case h hard limit. I have never done it, and I could probably live a hundred years without ever doing it. But if a Mistress really pushed the issue, and if I was crazy attracted to her, it might be a possibility. But I wouldn't bet on it. "Forced bi" on the other hand, is a hard limit, capital H, no negotiation. I don't suck cocks, I don't kiss men, and I am not taking it in the ass. No way, no how. Not now. Not ever. Never.

Although it's important for a Mistress and slave to have complementary interests, you can't expect to be perfectly in sync. If the two of you share major fantasies and interests, and as long as your hard limits are not her must

haves and vice versa, you may be able to make a go of it. As if it weren't hard enough, it's also important to remember that your female dominant interests are only one aspect of your personality. You and your potential Mistress need to be compatible in non-kink areas as well as in your femdom interests. In fact, it's probably more important to have the vanilla stuff in common than it is to have the DS things. If Mistress is a vegan hippie chick who wants to have fifteen kids, and you're a workaholic oil man and cattle rancher who hates children, you can have fun together, but you're probably not going to be getting married.

A fun way to check the BDSM compatibility level of you and your potential Mistress is filling out a BDSM activities checklist. You can find lists that catalog from A to Z almost every BDSM activity you can think of online. For each activity, you check off if you've ever participated in it, and you rate its excitement potential for you on a scale of one to ten. A man and his potential Mistress can compare notes to see how well they match up. My current Mistress, Ms. M and I match up about seventy-five percent on the lists, but our real life practical compatibility is actually higher than that. The fact that she occasionally enjoys playing with other slaves means that she can engage in things like strap-on play (which for me is a capital H hard limit) with some of the other subs she plays with. The fact that I facilitate these scenes and help her line up other slaves is a major turn-on for her since she also loves cuckolding. She is thus able to engage in all sorts of things I have no interest in, I am

allowed to keep my hard limits intact, and she is able to tease the hell out of me with all her stories of the things she does with other guys while I am locked in chastity.

It's not the worst thing in the world if you find out that you and a lady you've recently met are not really right for each other. Having friends in this lifestyle is something you can't overestimate. If you have a group of femdom friends, you have someone to go to parties with and you have people who might be able to introduce you to the Mistress of your dreams. Remember how I met Ms. M? The woman who introduced us is a dominant woman, but she and I would never work as a couple. But she knew me, she liked me, and she trusted me. Because of that, she was comfortable introducing me to the beautiful Ms. M. Women trust a man who has female friends. Try to make a few. Another invaluable thing you have when you have femdom friends is a support group. This can be a lonely and isolated lifestyle. Knowing a few other people who share your interests can be good for your mental health.

CHAPTER 13

ATTITUDE

“There are only two types of women-goddesses and doormats.”

Pablo Picasso

This chapter could have been placed at the beginning of the book. Your mindset can determine everything. If you really believe that a thing will happen for you, it probably will. The female domination lifestyle is no different. If you really believe that you’re going to meet the right Mistress for you, you probably will.

My friend Gene is in his seventies. He is a lifelong bachelor who has traveled all over the world. As far back as the 1940s, Gene has been meeting and serving dominant women. Some of the ladies he has met and submitted to have been pioneers and legends in the game. When he was a boy, Gene read a story in a men’s magazine. This was way before Playboy. In those days, there were some racy magazines that could be found at the newsstand, but mainstream porn was virtually nonexistent. There were a few magazines meant to titillate and excite the mind without stating anything outright. You had to use your imagination to fill in the gaps. Women could be scantily clad, but nudity was out. In one of these publications, a young Gene found a story that inflamed the fascination with dominance and submission that he was already exploring. The story was

about a maid who, without permission, borrowed her Mistress' clothes and jewels for a night on the town. The Mistress caught the maid sneaking back into the house, and the maid was given an over the knee spanking. Gene tore that illustrated story out of the magazine. Today, over sixty years later, he still has that yellowed and tattered section of magazine.

A few years later, Gene was overseas in the army. Having turned down a commission, Gene was a lowly private. In a scenario that is reminiscent of the movie "From Here to Eternity", Gene was propositioned by the wife of his commanding officer. The idea of banging Captain Tubbs' wife appealed to Gene for two reasons. One, Mrs. Tubbs was young and attractive. Two, Captain Tubbs was a bigoted prick. It would be fun to bang that bastard's wife behind his back.

After a few dates with Mrs. Tubbs, the lady revealed that she was into domination and submission. She was submissive to her dominant girlfriend. For the rest of Gene's duty in that locale, he and Mrs. Tubbs served and submitted to their shared Mistress.

After his military discharge, Gene began to pursue his desire for female domination with more vigor. While in California, he stopped into a shop that made specialty clothes and shoes. He asked the lady who ran the shop if she knew of any dominant women she could introduce him to. She replied that she did indeed know a good dominant woman, but before she would introduce him to

her, Gene would first have to kiss her feet. Right there in the store, Gene knelt and kissed the proprietor's shoes.

The woman Gene was introduced to was Nancy Novak. Ms. Novak is a legendary figure in the femdom world. Nancy is a gorgeous woman with a very shapely athletic body. She could have been an amateur bodybuilder or fitness model. Back in the day, Nancy owned a company that produced female domination videos. The genre of adult movie known as the face sitting or queening movie was, I believe, invented by Nancy Novak. I still have several Nancy Novak movies that were produced in the eighties. They were seriously low budget productions, but at the time they were the only ones of their kind. Even now, those scenes are still hot. Gene loved his time in servitude to Ms. Novak. The only thing that kept him from becoming Nancy Novak's full time slave was the fact that he had obligations that required him to remain in the Midwest.

Back home, Gene visited a local massage parlor that specialized in domination sessions. Never a big fan of paying by the hour, Gene made himself indispensable at the place, serving as a combination security man and janitor. For his efforts he was frequently dominated by the head Mistress of the establishment, "Madame Queenie". I actually had the opportunity to meet Madame Queenie a few years after that massage parlor closed (A car dealership is there now). She offered me the opportunity to become her slave. At that time, I had recently met another dominant woman who was closer to

my age. Madame Queenie is ten to fifteen years older than me. I declined Madame Queenie's offer and remained with the younger lady. I sometimes wonder what it would have been like to have been the slave of that experienced older woman. I'll bet she could have taught me a lot.

Through the connections he made in California, Gene was introduced to one of the most famous Mistresses of the 1970s and 1980s, the beautiful Lady Crystal. Lady Crystal was renowned for her dark hair, pale skin, and flawless features. Gene tells me that Lady Crystal was meticulous about her beauty regimen. She spent a lot of time pampering her porcelain skin. Lady Crystal used a soft, cerebral approach to slave training (I love that style of dominance!). She preferred wearing silk to leather. Instead of relying on whips and a lot of dungeon equipment, Lady Crystal used her beauty and will to enslave Gene and a lot of other men. Of all the ladies Gene served during his life, I think he remembers Lady Crystal most fondly.

Gene had many other adventures in female domination along the way as well. He has served many beautiful women all over the world. Many of his encounters took place long before the dawn of the internet. I believe that because of his attitude and honesty with himself that opportunities to serve dominant women found Gene as often as he found them. He knew what he needed, so he went after it. I also believe that Gene sent out unconscious vibes that drew like-minded people to him.

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If he could do the things he did during the years immediately following World War II, then no submissive man living in the twenty-first century should be without a Mistress.

CHAPTER 14

WHEN THINGS GO WRONG

“That girl is poison”
Bell, Biv, Devoe

As much as I caution guys against getting into relationships and marriages with vanilla women, I have to admit that I understand why so many do just that. A lot of wild and fun girls are kind of crazy. And that includes dominatrixes. It's not easy to find a woman who is the embodiment of your fantasies and who is also a well-rounded, educated, level headed person. Many men come to the conclusion that they have to choose the dependable yet boring woman for marriage, but they still need to have their fun with the wild girls on the side. I'm not saying that I condone that strategy, but I understand. Fantasy women can be trouble in the daytime.

“Never sleep with a woman whose troubles are worse than your own.”
Nelson Algren

I've been there. I have known dominant women who thought nothing of causing a scene in public. I have known women who would wear wild fetish clothing in the most inappropriate places, even in front of children, sometimes in front of their own children! If I mentioned

that there are times and places when BDSM activities are appropriate and times and places where they are not, these women would cop an attitude and tell me that I was just being square. Whenever I found myself with a woman who did not know how to behave in public, I never stuck around for long.

I urge you to always be on the lookout for signs of danger. If a woman can't keep a job or apartment for long, if she has never had a long term relationship, if she is estranged from her family, if she runs afoul of the law, she is not the kind of woman you want to take up with. I don't care how beautiful she is. It doesn't matter how sexy or exciting she is. It doesn't matter if she can read your mind and give you erotic adventures you have only dreamed of. If she isn't a stable person, move on.

I've made the mistake of allowing excitement to trump logic. I had one relationship that lasted way longer than it should have. Michelle was quite attractive. Tall, perfect body, intelligent, and talented. And she was a born dominant. She picked up slaves wherever she went. I met Michelle through a personal ad I had placed when I was in my late twenties. She had a regal bearing that drew submissives of both genders to her. Even in high school, Michelle had a slave. He was no wimpy little nerd, either. This guy was a six foot five star athlete and a rough, thuggish brother. Yet he was completely obedient to her. Through him, Michelle met another young lady who also became her slave. Michelle would sometimes tie up her female slave and leave her in the

closet all day while she went to work (I should have known from that story that Michelle did not always use good judgment because that is a really unsafe thing to do). During the time she and I were together, Michelle had to go out of state for a little while for business reasons. While she was on location, two of her coworkers, one male and one female, begged to become slaves to her. Michelle toyed with the idea, but in a rare display of common sense, she did not take them on. The male told Michelle that she had a slave in the north (me). He could be her slave in the south. The female was married. Instead of playing with her, Michelle sent her back to her husband. Stuff like that happened to Michelle all the time. A few years earlier, Michelle ensnared another man she met at work. Although she never allowed him to become romantically involved with her, she used him for years. Whatever she asked of him, whether it was money, time, or labor, he provided without complaint. Like so many others, I was bowled over by Michelle's personal power and force.

Michelle had a lot of problems, though. And they were the kind of problems I don't handle well. She was a heavy drinker. If she wasn't yet an alcoholic, it wasn't for lack of trying. If we went out, Michelle would keep drinking as long as alcohol was available. It was nothing for her to still be drinking at five o'clock in the morning. She sometimes drank alone. Several times, I told Michelle that I thought she drank too much. She would tell me that I was being a stick in the mud and that I should learn to have fun. I hardly touch alcohol, and I do

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tend to be a bit of a wet blanket sometimes, so I thought maybe she was right. Turns out she wasn't. One night she got drunk, got behind the wheel, and plowed into a parked car. She spent the weekend in jail. I later read the arrest report. When the cops pulled her over, Michelle's blood alcohol level was almost three times the legal limit. She could not recite the alphabet, and she had peed her pants. She wasn't so regal that night. A little research revealed that this was not Michelle's first drunk driving charge. I also learned that she had lied about a few other important things including her finances, education, and health history.

*There was a little girl
Who had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead.
When she was good,
She was very good indeed,
But when she was bad she was horrid.*

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Through all of Michelle's crap though, I kept coming back. I guess I kept hoping she'd straighten up. She never did, though. And when Michelle was at her best, she could make a submissive do anything. That kind of power is hard for a submissive to resist. When she was on, Michelle was incredible. If she could have gotten sober, she could have been one of the greatest Mistresses I have ever met, but she could or would not curtail that drinking. One day when she was mad at me about

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something, Michelle once again went out drinking. She came home staggering drunk. I could see that in her word slurring stupor, Michelle had once again wet her pants. That did it. I finally realized that Michelle was never going to straighten up. I was out of there.

Although many of my experiences with Michelle were negative, they taught me a lot. Since then, I have been much more cautious about entering into relationships. I know how to recognize red flags much better now. I know that I don't have to compromise my standards or principles to have a relationship with a dominant woman. Neither do you.

After my adventures and misadventures with Michelle, I was much better prepared to recognize the signs of danger. I am happy to say that all of my relationships since her have been with wonderful women. These have been dominant women any man would be proud, never embarrassed to escort anywhere. They were women I felt I could trust completely. If any of these ladies had the key to my house or my ATM number or any other personal information, I would have no fear that they would abuse it. And that is the case with the lady I serve today.

When things go bad, it's not always the woman's fault. Sometimes things go wrong because of stuff that we do. I have seen so many guys sabotage themselves. I have been guilty of bad judgment and stupid behavior myself.

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None of us are immune to momentary lapses of reasons. But there is no excuse for being stuck on stupid.

A lot of the problems submissive guys bring on themselves are a result of selfishness and being inconsiderate and disrespectful. Everything in life costs. Everything. Whatever you get costs either money or effort or something else. Nothing is free. I understand that you may not want to pay for phone sex or domination sessions. I'm not crazy about that either. But you are not allowed to take up (waste) a Mistress' time looking for freebies. If you want to serve a Mistress in real time in real life, be prepared to serve her.

I know a man who claims to be submissive. He is really just a fetishist who wants to get his kinky itches scratched when, where, and how he wants. I don't think he has any idea how self centered he is. He contacted a lifestyle (non pro) Mistress on the internet. He met her, and he seemed like a nice guy. The Mistress and he had an encounter or two that they both enjoyed.

The Mistress asked this man to do some minor services for her, errands and such. Every time he was asked to do something, the man had an excuse. He dropped out of sight for a few weeks. Out of the blue, he called the Mistress and asked if he could serve her in some way. The Mistress told him that she had a perfect opportunity for him to show his devotion. She was feeling a bit under the weather. He could distinguish himself by picking up some soup and cold medicine and bringing it to her. All of a sudden, the guy developed transportation problems,

and he would not be able to help her. His car was working just fine when he wanted to come over for a session. As a consolation, this wannabe submissive offered to perform on camera for the lady. How in the world is that of any benefit to a woman? She isn't feeling well, and your offer to "serve" her is to jerk off on camera??? Obviously, the Mistress has never met with this man again. If he had just picked up a couple of cans of soup, some cough syrup, and jug of orange juice, this guy could have really ingratiated himself to his potential Mistress. He would probably be considered one of her best slaves. Instead, she wrote him off as a self-centered fetishist.

If you are anything like that man, you need to realize that you are not really looking to serve a woman. You just want to have some kinky fun every once in a while. That's not a capital offence. But if that's what you want, you need to realize that you have to pay for it. You can't expect a lifestyle dominatrix to entertain you for free whenever the mood strikes you. If you don't want to pay for your sessions or your phone sex or your online camera sessions, you are going to have to be willing to really serve a woman. You are going to have to do the stuff that isn't fun, the errands, the housework, the yard work; the grunt tasks (If you want to play, take her to dinner at least). And you are going to have to do that stuff at times you may not feel like doing it. You know, those times when you don't have a hard on. A skilled Mistress will know how to make that boring stuff fun anyway. She'll know how to dangle that carrot so that

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you will eventually associate work for her with erotic encounters. If she doesn't, do it anyway and send her the URL for Lady Misato's site. But you have to be willing to work for a Mistress to get your play time. If you aren't willing to actually serve, do yourself and the lady a favor. Go pay for a session. I'm not saying that you have to be completely selfless. While you can't expect free kink any time you get the urge, you don't have to allow yourself to be totally taken advantage of either. There are dominant women who are selfish users. Some guys are into that, but most of us are looking for some sort of parity. You'll know when you run into a user. But don't you be one either.

CHAPTER 15

RESOURCES

“I should read a book.”

The B-52s

The following is a list of books I recommend for every submissive male. Some are fiction, some are instructional. Let me reiterate something said earlier. I do NOT recommend giving one of these books to your wife or girlfriend until she's ready. If you give her a BDSM book too soon, you will almost certainly scare her off. This list of books is for you to read. Some of them you can give to your lady but only when she is ready. When in doubt, wait a bit. If the lady you are looking to serve is already a fully realized dominant woman, then there's less need for caution. If, on the other hand, your lady is brand new to this lifestyle, start out with Mama Gena. If she can't handle Mama Gena, she'll never be ready for the really kinky stuff.

Venus in Furs by Leopold von Sacher-Masoch. The blueprint. The template. This is the book that mapped out the whole female dominant/male submissive relationship framework. Over a hundred years ago, Leopold wrote, “[I want to put myself absolutely at your mercy for good or evil without any condition, without any limit to your power.](#)” That's still hot today. For me, reading Venus in Furs makes me feel connected to

history. If Sacher-Masoch could pen such fantasies in the nineteenth century, before movies, radio, television, or the internet, then these ideas must be a part of our makeup. You can't blame mass media for fantasies that predate mass media.

Female Domination by Elise Sutton. In her first book, Ms. Sutton examines the female domination philosophy and lifestyle. Her book covers man's need for woman's loving guidance. Included are several stories from real life couples. Ms. Sutton covers all the important topics. She repeatedly makes the point that female domination is natural and desirable. Every chapter of the book is infused with the message that man was created to serve woman and that he can only be happy when he is doing so.

The Femdom Experience by Elise Sutton. This second book from Ms. Sutton expands on the ideas covered in her first book. Just as good as, if not better than her first book.

Erotic Power by Gini Graham Scott. This scholarly work exhaustively examines the female domination lifestyle. Published in 1983, Dr. Scott introduces a heretofore secretive subculture to the general public. Dr. Scott traveled the nation interviewing people in the female dominant/male submissive lifestyle, and she attended several lifestyle events so that she could report firsthand. Dr. Scott covers everything in this book from

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psychological and emotional aspects of D&S, the various groups and clubs in the scene, techniques and practices, relationships to the world of professional domination. This book will definitely help you understand yourself, other people who share your interests, and the history of our scene.

Men in Love by Nancy Friday. In the 1970s, Ms. Friday interviewed hundreds of men about their sexual fantasies. Men in Love categorizes and examines the fetishes and fantasies that until then were unknown to many people. There are several stories on female domination. I bought this book when I was a teenager. I still have it.

Women On Top by Nancy Friday. Women On Top is the follow up to Men In Love. It focuses on the sexual fantasies of real women in 1980s society.

Venus On Top by Barbara Wright Abernathy. This is a good bridge between Mama Gena and Elise Sutton. While it's not a book about female domination per se, Ms. Abernathy outlines what she refers to as female-led relationships. She makes it okay for a woman to want to take charge in and out of the bedroom.

Things To Do With A Useless Male by Scott Wilson. This is a collection of hilarious femdom themed cartoons. They're all one panel cartoons depicting a sadistic, dominant woman and her longsuffering submissive husband. The lady finds all kinds of creative ways to use

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and humiliate her husband. Wilson's cartoons can definitely give a lady some ideas.

More Things To Do With A Useless Male by Scott Wilson. The follow up to Wilson's first book. Just as funny as the original.

Exit to Eden by Ann Rice. Gary Marshall made a crappy movie based on this really cool book. It's the story of an island resort for people into dominance and submission. In the movie, they throw in a superfluous story of some smugglers, and they put Rosie O'Donnell in a leather teddy. They must have paid her a fortune to wear that. Instead of making a smaller budget film with integrity by remaining true to the book, they threw some big stars in it and ended up with an expensive and embarrassing flop that appealed to nobody. It wasn't funny, and it sure wasn't sexy. Forget about the movie, and read the book.

How To Capture a Mistress by Karen Martin. This book gives some strategies for a submissive man who is looking for a Mistress. Good advice from a woman's point of view.

The Sleeping Beauty trilogy by Ann Rice (Sleeping Beauty, The Claiming of Beauty, Beauty's Release). These books are not strictly female dominant. There are male and female dominants and submissives. Despite the fact that there is female submission and even a gay scene here or there, I recommend these books because they're

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such intriguing psychological studies in control and surrender.

The Mistress Manual: The Good Girl's Guide To Female Dominance by Lorelei. This is a great book to give a lady who already has some interest in female domination. Lorelei's message for the ladies is that it's cool for a girl to have fantasies of dominating a man. Just because she wants to tie up and whip a man doesn't make her a bad person.

The Bottoming Book: How To Get Terrible Things Done to You by Wonderful People by Dossie Easton and Catherine A. Liszt. A classic how to book for submissives. Great for the novice submissive. This book is not specific to the issues of the submissive male, but it does give some clever strategies and insights for a submissive of any gender or orientation.

How to Be a Dominant Diva by Georgia Payne and Julie Taylor. Fun, light hearted instruction manual for girls who want to tap into their inner goddess. Chock full of games couples can play. They have a cool website too.

There are many more. You can never be too well-read. Learn all that you can about this lifestyle that fascinates and excites you, but don't get lost in fantasy. Don't just sit home reading. Get out there and do everything you can to make your fantasies come to life.

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Websites I recommend:

Elisesutton.com I cannot praise Elise Sutton's website and books highly enough. Every month, her site offers stories from real people in the female domination lifestyle. These people have various interests and fantasies. They have differing experience levels. There is a question and answer section where Ms. Sutton answers questions sent in by her readers. In addition to the free section of her website, Ms. Sutton offers *Predominant*, an online magazine that can be purchased. Each month *Predominant* features interviews from dominant women and female dominant couples along with articles of interest to people in the female dominant lifestyle. When you read Elise Sutton's materials, you come away with the idea that not only is there nothing wrong with you for wanting to submit to a woman, there's something wrong with you if you *don't* want to serve a woman.

Womwam.net (Not a typo. They really spell it that way.). I love this website. It lists and categorizes female dominant images and scenes from hundreds of movies and TV shows. If you're like me, you will remember a lot of them. But I can guarantee that you will find some others you've never heard of. The site even categorizes the various scenes by decade and by fetish. Some of the categories are some whimsical with made up names like *accoutreohilia*, *adorapilia*, and *cataphilia*. Every time I visit this site, I discover a movie or television scene I

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have to look up. If you want to find a foot fetish scene with Brigitte Bardot or a trample dance scene featuring a young Shirley MacLaine or maybe a science fiction Amazon story starring Zsa Zsa Gabor, then Womwam.net is the site for you. If there's a scene from an obscure Italian Hercules movie from the 1950s in which the hero kneels and kisses the foot of a warrior queen, you can probably find it on this site.

Collarme.com is a free BDSM personals site. I have met some friends on collarme, and I know of a few couples who have met on it. Collarme also has lively message boards that cover all sorts of BDSM topics. I like the fact that there are very few off topic posts on the collarme message boards.

Alt.com. Alt.com is a BDSM personals site, but it's not free. You have to pay a fee to view and respond to ads.

Dickievirgin.com. A terrific site to find a professional or lifestyle dominatrix.

Maxfish.com is a site that advertises professional dominants from all over the world. There are also message boards that cover femdom related events, issues relevant to this lifestyle, reviews of professional dominatrixes, as well as a slew of off topic threads.

Mistressdestiny.com/forums is a site where people exchange ideas, pictures, stories, and videos. I check it out almost every day.

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CHAPTER 16

THE LAST WORD

“Don’t dream it. Be it.”

The Rocky Horror Show

I want to thank you once again for buying this book. I hope it helps you to find the Mistress of your dreams. I absolutely believe that if you follow the advice I have laid out, you will be successful in meeting dominant women. I can’t promise you that you’ll fall in love, but I am pretty sure you will enjoy yourself and fulfill some (maybe all) of your fantasies. I know I’ve said this about a million times, but I can’t urge you strongly enough to actively seek out the type of woman you need. As you probably already know, it is so frustrating to be alone or with a woman who doesn’t thrill you. And it is so incredibly exciting for a submissive man to be with and serve a dominant woman. I really want you to follow the advice in this book. The strategies I outlined have worked for me, and they have worked for other guys too. If I haven’t made it clear already, let me make it clear now. Everything will not go perfectly. You are going to have some missteps along the way. I sure as hell did. And you will meet some women who are really close to, but not quite what you’re looking for. That happened to me too. A bunch of times. And you’ll meet women who you will like but who won’t dig you all that much. It happens. So what? Half the fun is the chase. Try to enjoy the ride.

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Throughout this book, I have given you a lot of methods for finding your Mistress. At various times, they have all worked for me, and I truly believe that these strategies will work for you. They're all completely worthless though, if you don't put them into action. You have to put in the work. You have to be consistent. You can't give up. Good luck. And feel free to get in touch with me to let me know how things are working out.